

The Complete Works of
William Shakespeare

Reprinted from the First Folio
Edited by Charlotte Porter
and H. A. Clarke * *With an*
Introduction by John Churton
Collins M.A., D.Litt.

Vol. IV

As You Like It

The Taming of the Shrew

All's Well that Ends Well

London

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UNCONVERTED
B. C. S. C. L.

EXPLANATORY

Text

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on;
1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos,
all substantially agreeing; Qq. equals all early Quartos.
2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on;
2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.
l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

AS YOU LIKE IT

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

AS YOU LIKE IT is an entertaining comedy, introducing abundant romance, sylvan life, and the light-hearted, pure joyousness which goes with the free air of the forest.

A duke of France is dispossessed of his territory by his younger brother, and forced to take refuge in the Forest of Arden. His daughter Rosalind at first remains at court with her cousin Celia, daughter of the usurper; but Rosalind is so generally beloved that her uncle banishes her also. Before she leaves the court she is greatly attracted by a young wrestler, Orlando.

Celia accompanies Rosalind into exile (Act II). Rosalind dons male attire for protection, and they go to the Forest of Arden, and live as brother and sister.

In Act III Rosalind learns that Orlando also has come to the forest, whither he has fled to escape his brother. Orlando, who is in love with Rosalind, confides his passion to the trees of the forest, in the shape of random verses, until he meets the supposed youth (Rosalind), to whom he tells his love by proxy.

In Act IV Orlando and his brother are reconciled. The brother goes to inform Rosalind of Orlando's encounter with a beast in his behalf, and falls in love with Celia (Act V), whom he resolves speedily to wed.

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This wedding takes place shortly, and includes, also, the nuptials of Orlando and Rosalind—who makes herself known to her delighted lover—and two humbler couples. The duke, her father, is present; and the joy of the event is heightened by tidings that the usurping duke has abdicated in favour of the brother he has wronged.

SOURCES

In 1590 Thomas Lodge published a tale called 'Rosalynde. Euphues' Golden Legacie,' which was probably the direct source of 'As You Like It.' Lodge in turn found a part of his story in the 'Tale of Gamelyn,' which for a long time was erroneously ascribed to Chaucer. The 'Tale of Gamelyn' tells of the ill-treatment of Gamelyn by his elder brother Johan, who refuses to divide the inheritance. Gamelyn wins some wrestling bouts, and Johan has him chained, claiming he is mad. Adam, his father's old servant, releases him, and they flee to the woods, where Gamelyn becomes chief of outlaws. Thus far, the 'Tale of Gamelyn' bears a striking resemblance to the Orlando section of 'As You Like It'; but nowhere does the older story bring in a romance or a figure resembling Rosalind's.

Lodge, however, added to the above outline a second, which was the story of an exiled king of France; his daughter Rosalynd and her love for a wrestler; her departure from the usurper's court disguised as a page; her refuge in the Forest of Ardenne; and her union with the wrestler. All these and many minor incidents, most of the characters, and the name of the forest, show how closely Shakespeare was indebted to Lodge for his plot. But the characters in the two

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stories have nothing in common except their principal deeds. Their speech and distinguishing traits are widely different. The characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey are Shakespeare's own.

The scene of the 'Forest of Arden' is derived, as we see above, from Lodge's *Ardennes*, and is likewise placed in France, though Shakespeare must have drawn upon memories of the Arden near his home, in Warwickshire.

To Lodge Shakespeare may be again indebted for a suggestion as to title. In Lodge's 'Address to the Gentlemen Readers,' he employs the phrase 'If you like it so.'

In Act I of 'As You Like It' occurs a reference to outlaw life: 'they live like the old Robin Hood of England,' which shows that Shakespeare was not wholly dependent upon the 'Tale of Gamelyn' for his forest setting. Indeed, Robin Hood ballads were long popular in England. Tennyson has since put them to good advantage.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

Daniel's 'Time Analysis' fixes the duration of stage action as ten days, not counting intervals between scenes. Day 1 occupies the opening scene. Day 2, Act I, scenes ii and iii, and Act II, scene i (and scene iii). Day 3, Act II, scene ii (and Act III, scene i). An interval of a few days allows for the journey to Arden. Day 4, Act II, scene iv. Day 5, Act II, scenes v, vi, and vii. A few days' interval. Day 6, Act III, scene ii. An interval. Day 7, Act III, scene iii. Day 8, Act III, scenes iv and v, Act IV, Act V, scene i. Day 9, Act V, scenes ii and iii. Day 10,

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Act V, scene iv. It will be noted that a few of the scenes are out of their strict chronological order.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

'As You Like It' probably belongs to the year 1599. Meres does not mention it in 1598, which would seem to indicate its non-existence then. Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander' was published in 1598, and contained the following line: 'Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?' Shakespeare quotes this line (Act III, scene v), and alludes unmistakably to Marlowe as 'Dead Shepherd.' Shakespeare might, of course, have seen the line earlier in manuscript form, but this is only a possibility.

A rough entry in the 'Stationers' Register,' assigned to August 4, 1600, shows that a publication of the play had been contemplated, but was for that year 'to be staied.' This date, however, aids us in determining with considerable exactness the year of the play's first production to have been 1599.

EARLY EDITIONS

'As You Like It' was not published in 1600, because of the injunction above noted. But in 1623 permission was given to place it in the First Folio as 'not formerly entered to other men,' which shows that the First Folio was its first printing. Here it occupies twenty-three pages in the division of comedies, from page 185 to page 207, inclusive. It is divided into acts and scenes, but omits the list of *Dramatis Personæ*, which was first supplied by Rowe.

The original text is more than usually clear and free from errors, although some due to the printer, or to hasty writing, or to both, have been noted.

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AS YOU LIKE IT

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment.*

FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, } *lords attending on the banished duke.*
JAQUES, }

LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } *servants to Oliver.*
DENNIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*

CORIN, } *shepherds.*
SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished duke.*

CÉLIA, *daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*

AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and
the Forest of Arden.]*

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Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

[Orchard of Oliver's house.]

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was upon this fashion | be-
queathed me by will, but poore a thousand |
Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my bro- | ther.
on his blessing to breed mee well: and | there begins
my sadnesse: My brother *Jaqes* he keepes | at schoole,
and report speakes goldenly of his profit: | for my part,
he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak | more
properly) staies me heere at home unkept: for call |
you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that dif-
fers not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred
better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding,
they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders
deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing under
him but growth, for the which his Animals on his
dunghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this no-

4-5. *fashion bequeathed: fashion. bequeathed*—CAMBRIDGE

thing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieves me, and the spirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. 27

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake me up. 31

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then sir?

Orl. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore unworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oliver. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while. 39

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much

of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neerer to his reverence. 53

Oli. What Boy.

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in this. | ^{1 low-born man}

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: ¹ I am the yongest sonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast raild on thy selfe. 62

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good. 80

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have lost my teeth in your service: God be with my olde master, he would not have spoke such a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow upon me? I will physicke your rancknesse, and yet give no thousand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler heere to speake with me? 91

Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes accesse to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrastling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounsier *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court? 99

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure loving Lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with hym, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that hee would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloved of her Uncle, then his owne daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they doe. 113

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cba. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and fleet the time carelesly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke. 121

• *Cba.* Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am given sir secretly to understand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrastle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will. 134

Oli. *Charles*, I thanke thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purpose heerein, and have by under-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. He tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of *France*, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriver against mee his naturall brother: therefore use thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous devise, and ne-

ver leave thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day living. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale, and wonder.

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Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile give him his payment: if ever hee goe alone againe, Ile never wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship.

Exit. 158

[*Ol.*] Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Game-ster: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, never school'd, and yet learned, full of noble devise, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised:¹ but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about.

¹ underrated *Exit.* |

Scœna Secunda.

[*Lawn before the Duke's palace.*]

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

Ros. Deere *Cellia*; I show more mirth then I am mistresse of, and would you yet were merrier: unlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not

5. yet were: yet I were—2Rowz.

learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 8

Cel. Heerein I see thou lov'st mee not with the full waight that I love thee; if my Uncle thy banished father had banished thy Uncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still with mee, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoyce in yours. 17

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to have; and truely when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster: therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Rose*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will Coz, and devise sports: let me see, what thinke you of falling in Love?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe. 30

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mocke the good houswife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Ros. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfavouredly. 40

Ros. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lincaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne [Touchstone].

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte. 51

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiveth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone. for alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Mistresse, you must come away to your farher.

Cel. Were you made the messenger? 59

Clw. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clw. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom. 69

Clw. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knave.

54. goddesses, bath; goddesses and hath-MALONE.

58. farber: father-2-4F.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knaverie (if I had it) then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he never had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before ever he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loves. 79

• *Ros.* My Fathers love is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation¹ one of these daies. ¹ *censure*

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles have was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men have makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the *Beu*.

Enter le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of newes. 90

Cel. Which he will put on us, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable. *Boon-jour Monsieur le Beau*, what's the newes?

Le Beau. Faire Princesse, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you? 100

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

80. *Ros.*: *Cel.*—THEOBALD. *him enough*: him: enough!—HANMER.

88. *the Beau*: *Le Beau* (*Le Beau*—2-4F.)—STEEVENS.

95. *le Beau*: *Le Beau* throughout—STEEVENS.

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good wrastling, which you have lost the sight of,

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the Wrastling. 108

Le Beau. I wil tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne unto all men by these presents. 119

Le Beau. The eldest of the three, wrastled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he serv'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this that I speake of. 130

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it. 140

Cel. Yonder sure they are comming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne perill on his forwardnesse.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin: 150

Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Ros. I my Liege, so please you give us leave.

Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moove him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieuer *Le Beau*.

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by. 159

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastler?

150-1. prose-POPE.

160. *Princesse calls:* princesses call-THEOBALD.

Orl. No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger,
I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength
of my youth. 167

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for
your yeares: you have seene cruell prooffe of this mans
strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew
your selfe with your judgment, the feare of your adven-
ture would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We
pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safe-
tie, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore
be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that
the wrastling might not go forward. 177

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde
thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie
so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your
faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall;
wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was
never gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to
be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to
lament me: the world no injurie, for in it I have nothing:
onely in the world I fil up a place, which may bee better
supplied, when I have made it emptie.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were
with you.

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers. 190

Ros. Fare you well: praie heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

Cbar. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so
desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest
working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

Cba. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat

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him to a second, that have so mightilie perswaded him from a first. 200

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not have mockt me before: but come your waies.

Ros. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge. *Wrastle.*

Ros. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe. *Shout [Charles is thrown].*

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd. 211

Duk. How do'st thou *Charles*?

Le Beau. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:

What is thy name yong man?

Orl. *Orlando* my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir *Roland de Boys*.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him still mineemie: 220
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hadst thou descended from another house:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'st told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (*Coze*) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling¹
To be adopted heire to *Fredricke*. ^{1 name}

Ros. My Father lov'd Sir *Roland* as his soule, 230

And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should have given him teares unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cosen,

Let us goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well deserv'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in love;
But justly as you have exceeded all promise, 240
Your Mistris shall be happie.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune
That could give more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintine, a meere livelesse blocke. 249

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
He aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrowne
More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Ros. Have with you: fare you well. *Exit.*

Orl. What passion hangs these waights upon my toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poore *Orlando*! thou art overthrowne
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee. 260

Le Beau. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you

AS YOU LIKE IT

[I. ii. 273-301

Te leave this place; Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconsters all that you have done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suites you to conceive, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
• That here was at the Wrastling? 270

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loves
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues, 280
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*]

Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother.
But heavenly *Rosaline*. *Exit*

262. *Te*: To-2-4F.

272. *taller*: lesser-GLOBE.

289. *Rosaline*: Rosalind, and so throughout-Rowe.

Scena Tertius.[*A room in the palace.*]*Enter Celia and Rosaline.*

Cel. Why Cosen, why *Rosaline*: *Cupid* have mercie.
Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
upon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee
with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two Cosens laid up, when the
one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad
without any. 11

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my childe's Father: Oh
how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but hurs, Cosen, throwne upon thee
in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coate, these hurs are
in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away. 20

Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Ros. O they take the part of a better wrastler then
my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you: you will trie in time
in dispiht of a fall: but turning these jests out of service,
let us talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a so-
daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
Roulands yongest sonne? 29

Ros. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father deerelie.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his

AS YOU LIKE IT

[I. iii. 33-59]

Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

• *Ros.* Let me love him for that, and do you love him Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger. 40

Duk. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me Uncle.

Duk. You Cosen,
Within these ten daies if that thou beest found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my selfe I hold intelligence, 50
Or have acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborne,
Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it selfe;
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends? 61

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highnesse banisht him;
Treason is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
To thinke my povertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Sovereigne heare me speake. 70'

Duk. I *Celia*, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure. and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why so am I: we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wheresoere we went, like *Junos* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseperable. 80

Duk. She is too subtil for thee, and her smoothnes;
Her verie silence, and per patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous
When she is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irrevocable is my doombe,
Which I have past upon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot live out of her companie. 90

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice provide your selfe,
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word you die;

82. per: her-2-4F.



Cel. O my poore *Rosaline*, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd then I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke 100
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

• *Cel.* No, hath not? *Rosaline* lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweete girle?
No, let my Father seeke another heire:
Therefore devise with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with us,
And doe not seeke to take your change upon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leave me out:
For by this heaven, now at our sorrowes pale; 111
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

Ros. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To seeke my Uncle in the Forrest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
(Maides as we are) to travell forth so farre?
Beautie provoketh theeves sooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of umber smirch my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along, 120
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele have a swashing and a marshall outside,

As manie other mannish cowards have,
That doe outface it with their semblances. 130

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. Ile have no worse a name then *Joves* owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*.
But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our travaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to woe him; Let's away 141
And get our Jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

[*The forest of Arden.*]

*Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords
like Forresters.*

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the envious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde, 10

134. *by:* be-2-4F.
8. *not:* but-THEOBALD.

145. *in we:* we in-2-4F.

Which when it bites and blowes upon my body
 Even till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly perswade me what I am:
 Sweet are the uses of adversitie
 Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Weares yet a precious Jewell in his head:
 And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
 Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing. 20

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
 That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Du. Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill us venison?
 And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
 Being native Burgers of this desert City,
 Should intheir owne confines with forked heads¹
 Have their round hanches goard. ¹*barbed arrows*

1. Lord. Indeed my Lord
 The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that, 30
 And in that kinde sweares you doe more usurpe
 Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
 To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
 Did steale behinde him as he lay along
 Under an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
 Upon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
 To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
 That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
 The wretched annimall heav'd forth such groanes 40
 That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round teares

21. *I would not change it:* given to Duke-WHITE

Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
 In pitteous chase: and thus the haire foole,
 Much marked of the melancholie *Jaques*,
 Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,
 Augmenting it with teares.

Du. Sen. But what said *Jaques*?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies. 50
 First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
 Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings doe, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too must: then being there alone,
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
 'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
 The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never staies to greet him: I quoth *Jaques*,
 Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens, 60
 'Tis just the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
 Upon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
 Are meere usurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
 To fright the Annimals, and to kill them up
 In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

D. Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2. *Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing Deere. 71

Du. Sen. Show me the place,
 I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
 For then he's full of matter.

1. *Lor.* Ile bring you to him strait. *Exeunt.*

54. *must:* much-2-4F.

55. *friend:* friends-Rowz.

64. *of Countrie:* of the country-2-4F.

Scena Secunda.[*A room in the palace.*]*Enter Duke, with Lords.*

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
 It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
 Are of consent and sufferance in this.

• 1. *Lo.* I cannot heare of any that did see her,
 The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
 Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
 They found the bed untreasur'd of their Mistris. 9

2. *Lor.* My Lord, the roynish¹ Clown, at whom so oft,
 Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hesperia the Princesse Centlewoman ¹*roguish*
 Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
 Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
 The parts and graces of the Wrastler
 That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,
 And she belceves where ever they are gone
 That youth is surely in their companie.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
 If he be absent, bring his Brother to me, 20
 Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;
 And let not search and inquisition quaile,
 To bring againe these foolish runawaies. *Exunt.*

Scena Tertia.[*Before Oliver's house.*]*Enter Orlando and Adam.*

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,

12. *Centlewoman:* Gentlewoman—2-4F.

23. *Exunt:* Exeunt—2-4F.

Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonnie priser¹ of the humorous Duke? 10
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies, ¹*prize-fighter*
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that beares it?

[*Orl.*] Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O unhappie youth,

Come not within these doores: within this rooffe 20
The enemye of all your graces lives
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you use to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that
He will have other meanes to cut you off;

I overheard him: and his practises:

This is no place, this house is but a butcherie; 30
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Ad. [*Orl.*] Why whether *Adam* would'st thou have
me go?

Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou have me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A theevish living on the common rode?

This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloudie brother. 40

Ad. But do not so: I have five hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I saved under your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feede,
Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie; 50
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustic winter,
Frostie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the service of a yonger man
In all your businesse and necessities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world, 60
When service sweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And having that do choake their service up,
Even with the having, it is not so with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we have thy youthfull wages spent, 70

Weele light upon some settled low content.

Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seaventie yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here lived I, but now live here no more
At seaventeene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke _
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*The forest of Arden.*]

*Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.*

Ros. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my spirits?

Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie.

Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena*. 11

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare you, for I thinke you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must be content. 20

Enter Corin and Silvius.

Ros. I, be so good *Touchstone*: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorne you still.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

Cor. I partly guesse: for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse,
 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
 But if thy love were ever like to mine, 30
 As sure I thinke did never man love so:
 How many actions most ridiculous,
 Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then never love so hartily,
 If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not lov'd.
 Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,
 Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise, 40
 Thou hast not lov'd.
 Or if thou hast not broke from companie,
 Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not lov'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*. *Exit.*

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,
 I have by hard adventure found mine owne. 47

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in love, I
 broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for
 comming a night to *Jane Smile*, and I remember the kis-
 sing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie

35. never: ne'er-Rowe. 46. they would: thy wound-Rowe.
 51. batler: batlet-2-4F.

chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giving her them againe, said with weeping teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Lovers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in love, mortall in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my shins against it. 68

Ros. *Jove, Jove*, this Shepherds passion, Is much upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man, If he for gold will give us any foode, I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.

Ros. Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who cal's? 70

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace I say; good even to your friend.

Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prethee Shepheard, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed: Here's a yong maid with travail much oppressed, And faints for succour.

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her, 80
And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releeve her:
But I am shepheard to another man,

And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
 My master is of churlish disposition,
 And little wreakes to finde the way to heaven
 By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
 Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
 Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
 By reason of his absence there is nothing 90
 That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?

Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-
 while,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
 Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: 100
 I like this place, and willingly could
 Waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
 Go with me, if you like upon report,
 The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
 I will your very faithfull Feeder¹ be, ¹ *herd-keeper*
 And buy it with your Gold right sodainly. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

[*The forest.*]

Enter, Amyens, Jaques, & others.

Song.

[*Ami.*] *Under the greene wood tree,
 who loves to lye with mee,*

86. wreakes: recks—HANMER. 100-2. 2 five-accent ll.—CAPELL.

*And turne his merrie Note,
unto the sweet Birds throate:
Come hitber, come hitber, come hitber:
Heere shall be see no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.*

10

Jaq. More, more, I pre'thee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Jaques*

Jaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,

I can sucke melancholly out of a song,

As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:

Come, more, another stanza: Cal you'ern stanza's? 20

Amy. What you wil Monsieur *Jaques*.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Wil you sing?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I have given him a penie, and he renders me the beggerly thanks. Come sing; and you that wil not hold your tongues. 30

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. * Sirs, cover¹ the while, the Duke wil drinke under this tree; he hath bin all this day to looke you. ¹ *lay the table*

Jaq. And I have bin all this day to avoid him:
He is too disputeable² for my companie: ² *disputations*

6. *turne*: turn-2-4F.

13-15. prose-PORR.

26. *complement*: compliment-PORR.

9. new l. at No-PORR.

18-20. prose-PORR.

34-7. prose-PORR.

AS YOU LIKE IT

[II. v. 37-65]

I thinke of as many matters as he, but I give
Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether beere.
Who doth ambition shunne, 40
and loves to live i' th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see. &c.

Jaq. Ile give you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Invention.

Amy. And Ile sing it.

Amy. [*Jaq.*] Thus it goes.

If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse: 50
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grosse foolcs as be,
And if he will come to me.

Amy. What's that Ducdame?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greeke invocation, to call fools into a circle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of Egypt.

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke, 60
His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt*

45. *see. &c.*: stanza completed—3-4F

50. 2 rhymed ll.—3-4F.

55. *And: An*—CAPELL.

46-7. prose—POPE.

54. 2 rhymed ll.—POPE.

60-1. prose—POPE.

Scena Sexta.[*The forest.*]*Enter Orlando, & Adam.*

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
 O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
 And measure out my grave. Farwel kinde master.
Orl. Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee?
 Live a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
 If this uncouth Forrest yeeld any thing savage,
 I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
 Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers. 10
 For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
 At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
 And if I bring thee not something to eate,
 I wil give thee leave to die: but if thou diest
 Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
 Wel said, thou look'st cheereely,
 And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
 In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
 To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
 For lacke of a dinner, 20
 If there live any thing in this Desert.
 Cheereely good *Adam*. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.[*The forest.*]

[*A table set out.*] *Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, [Amiens,
 and lords] like Out-lawes.* |

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
 For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of jarres, grow Musically,
We shall have shortly discord in the Spheares:
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Jaques.

10

1. *Lord.* He saves my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Jaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do live by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole. 20
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heaven hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggis:
'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleven,
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot, 30
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission

25. a clocke: o'clock—CAPELL

An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

Jaq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire, 40
They have the gift to know it: and in his braiue,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my onely suite,
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them, 50
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Wiithall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for so fooles have:
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?
Thé why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
Hce, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seême senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd 60
Even by the squandring glances of the foole.
Invest me in my motley: Give me leave
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infectèd world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

41. *braiue*: brain-2-4F.

43. *voyage*: *Hc*: voyage, he-Rowz.

52. *Wiithall*: Withal-2-4F.

Du. Sen. Most mischeevous foule sin, in chiding fin:
 For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
 As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe, 70
 And all th'imbossed¹ sores, and headed evils, ¹ *swollen*
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
 Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.

Jaq. Why who cries out on pride,
 That can therein taxe any private party:
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
 Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
 What woman in the Citie do I name,
 When that I say the City woman beares
 The cost of Princes on unworthy shoulders? 80
 Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
 When such a one as shee, such is her neighbor?
 Or what is he of basest function,
 That sayes his braverie² is not on my cost, ² *finery*
 Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
 His folly to the mettle of my speech,
 There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
 why then my taxing³ like a wild-goose flies ³ *censure*
 Unclaim'd of any man. But who come here? 91

Enter Orlando [with his sword drawn].

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Jaq. Why I have eate none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres?
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

68. *fin*: sin-2-4F.

76. *ibc*: the-2-4F.

91 *come*: comes-2-4F.

That in civility thou seem'st so empty? 99

Orl. You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point
Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourture: But forbear, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Jaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you have?
Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force
Move us to gentlenesse. 110

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin savage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If ever you have look'd on better dayes: 120
If ever beene where bells have knoll'd to Church:
If ever sate at any good mans feast:
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

Du. Sen. True is it, that we have seene better dayes,
And have with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred: 130

106. *And:* AN—CAPELL.

108-10. *prose:* POPP.

106-7. *prose:* CAPELL.

121. *beene:* BEEN—2-4F.

And therefore sit you downe in gentlenesse,
 And take upon command, what helpe we have
 That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbearc your food a little while:
 Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
 And give it food. There is an old poore man,
 Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
 Limpt in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
 Opprest with two weake evils, age, and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit. 140

Duke Sen. Go finde him out.
 And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.
 [Exit.]

Du Sen. 'Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappie:
 This wide and universall Theater
 Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
 Whercin we play in.

Ja. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women, meerely Players;
 They have their *Exits* and their Entrances, 150
 And one man in his time playes many parts,
 His Acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
 Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes:
 Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to schoole. And then the Lover,
 Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
 Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
 Jelous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell, 160
 Seeking the bubble Reputation
 Even in the Canons mouth: And then, the Justice
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,

With eyes severe, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
Into the leane and slipper'd Pantaloone,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthfull hose well sav'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunk shanke, and his bigge manly voice, 170
Turning againe toward childish treble pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventfull historie,
Is second childishnesse, and meere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: set downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you most for him.

Ad. So had you neede, 180
I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,
As yet to question you about your fortunes:
Give us some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

[*Amiens*] *Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not so unkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,
although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, unto the greene holly, 190
Most frendship, is fayning; most Loving, meere folly:*

178. new l. at And-Pore.

187-8. new ll. at As and Because-Pore.

*The beigh bo, the bolly,
This Life is most jolly.*

*Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
as freind remembred not.
Heigh bo, sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir Rowlandson,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were, 200
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lov'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Cave, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

[A room in the palace.]

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turne thou no more

192 *The: Then*,—Rowz.
196 new l. at Thy—Porz.

194. new l at That—Porz.
206. *masters: master*—2-4F.

To seeke a living in our Territorie. 10
 Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
 Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
 Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
 I never lov'd my brother in my life. 11

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores
 And let my officers of such a nature 12
 Make an extent¹ upon his house and Lands: ^{1 seizure}
 Do this expediently,² and turne him going. *Exeunt*
^{2 expeditiously}

Scena Secunda.

[*The forest.*]

Enter Orlando [with a paper].

Orl. Hang there my verse, in witness of my love,
 And thou thrice crowned Queene of night survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphære above
 Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
 O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
 And in their barks my thoughts Ile charracter,
 That everie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
 Shall see thy vertue witnest every where. 10
 Run, run *Orlando*, carve on every Tree,
 The faire, the chaste, and unexpressive shee. *Exit*

Enter Corin & Clowne [Touchstone].

Co. And how like you this shepherds life M^r *Touchstone*?

Clow. Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a
 good life; but in respect that it is a shephcards life, it is
 naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well:

but in respect that it is private, it is a very vild life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my stomacke. Hast any Philosophie in thee shepheard? 23

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or come of a very dull kindred. 31

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:
Was't ever in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason. 39

Clo. Why, if thou never was't at Court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good maners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin, and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behaviour of the Countrie is most mockeable at the Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be uncleanlie if Courtiers were shepherds. 50

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels¹ you know are greasie. ¹ *bides*

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow ^a-gen: a more sounder instance, come. 60

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over, with the surgery of our sheepe: and would you have us kisse Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Civet.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in respect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the verie uncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shepheard.

Cor. You have too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw. 71

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, envie no mans happinesse: glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lambes sucke.

Clo. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the

74. *good contents*: good, content-2-4F.

divell himselfe will have no shepherds, I cannot see else
how thou shouldst scape. 84

Cor. Heere comes yong M^r Ganimed, my new Mistris-
ses Brother.

Enter Rosalind [with a paper, reading].

Ros. From the east to westernne Inde,
no jewel is like Rosalinde,
Hir worth being mounted on the winde, 90
throughall the world beares Rosalinde.
All the pictures fairest Linde,
are but blacke to Rosalinde:
Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Rosalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners,
and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right
Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Ros. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taste. 100

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him seeke out Rosalinde:
If the Cut will after kinde,
so be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be linde,
so must slender Rosalinde:
They that reap^r must sheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rosalinde.
Sweetest nut, bath sowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde. 110
He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loves pricke, & Rosalinde.

92. *Linde*: lined (lin'd)—POPE.

94. *face*: fair—CAMBRIDGE.

105. *Wintred*: Winter—3-4F.

This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe you infect your selfe with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truly the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Ros. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit i'th coun-try: for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler. 120

Clo. You have said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this Desert bee,
for it is unpeopled? Noe:*

*Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,
that shall civill sayings shoe.*

*Some, how brieft the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,* 130

*That the stretching of a span,
buckles in his summe of age.*

*Some of violated vowes,
twixt the soules of friend, and friend:*

*But upon the fairest bowes,
or at euerie sentence end;*

*Will I Rosalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know*

*The quintessence of euerie sprite,
heaven would in little show.* 140

*Therefore beaven Nature charg'd,
that one bodie should be fill'd*

*With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature presently distill'd*

*Helens cheek, but not his heart,
 Cleopatra's Majestie:
 Attalanta's better part,
 sad Lucrecia's Modestie.
 Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
 by Heavenly Synode was devis'd, 150
 Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
 to have the touches dearest pris'd.
 Heaven would that shee these gifts should have,
 and I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homilie of Love have you wearied your parishioners withall, and never cri'd, have patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him sirrah. 159

Clo. Come Shepheard, let us make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare the verses.

Ros. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 170

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a

145. *bis*: her-Rowe.

155. *Jupiter*: pulpiter-CAMBRIDGE.

158. *now backe*: now! back-2-4F.

Palme tree; I was never so berim d since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour? 180

Ros. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoov'd with Earth-quakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping. 191

Ros. Good my complection, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discoverie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings. 200

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript up the Wrastlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the divell take mocking: speake sadde brow, and true maid. 211

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he.

Ros. *Orlando?*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one word. 220

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrastled?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies¹ as to resolve the propositions of a Lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a drop'd Acorne. ¹atoms 231

Ros. It may wel be cal'd Joves tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

233. *forth fruite: forth such fruit-2-4F.*

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curvettes unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter. 241

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Ros. 'Tis he, slinke by, and note him.

Jaq. I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as lief have beene my selfe alone. 251

Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashion sake I thanke you too, for your societie.

Jaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you marre no moc of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. *Rosalinde* is your loves name? *Orl.* Yes, Just.

Jaq. I do not like her name. 261

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are ful of prety answers: have you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wives, & cond them out of rings

Orl. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you have studied your questions. 269

240. *ibe*: thy—Rowe.

242. *Hart*: heart—Rowe.

243. *buriben*: burden—STEEVENS.

254. *buy*: be wi'—CAPELL.

260. new l. at *Orl.*—3-4F.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all our miserie.

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearie of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you. 280

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Jaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly. [Exit Jaques.]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky. and under that habit play the knave with him, do you hear Forrester. | 290

Orl. Verie wel, what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what i'st a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me what time o' day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ros. Then there is no true Lover in the Forrest, else sighing everie minute. and groaning everie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper? 299

Ros. By no meanes sir; Time travels in divers paces,

with divers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz^d: if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seven yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal? 309^{*}

Ros. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepees easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily, because he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heaue tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a theefe to the gallows: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there. 320

Orl. Who staies it stil withal?

Ros. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Ros. With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.¹

¹ born 330

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so removed² a dwelling.

² remote

Ros. I have bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Unckle of mine taught me to speake, who was

in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fel in love. I have heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall evils, that he laid to the charge of women? 341

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, everie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ros. No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with carving *Rosalinde* on their barkes; hangs Oades upon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of *Rosalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seemes to have the Quotidian of Love upon him. 353

Orl. I am he that is so Love-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Ros. There is none of my Unckles markes upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes? 359

Ros. A leane cheek, which you have not: a blew eie and sunken, which yqu have not: an unquestionable spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard, is a yonger brothers revennew) then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoo unti'de, and everie thing

337. *Lectors*: lectures-3-4F.

350. *defying*: deifying-2-4F.

358. *art*: are-2-4F.

about you, demonstrating a careless desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point device in your accoutrements, as loving your selfe, then seeming the Lover of any other. 370

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeve I Love. |

Ros. Me beleeve it? You may assoone make her that you Love beleeve it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women stil give the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that unfortunate he. 379

Ros. But are you so much in love, as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Ros. Love is meerely a madnesse, and I tel you, deserves as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in love too; yet I professe curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so? ~ 387

Ros. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Love, his Mistris: and I set him everie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for everie passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I drave my Sutor from his mad humor of love, to a living humor of madnes, which was to forswear the ful stream of the

world, | and to live in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd | him, and this way wil I take upon mee to wash your Li- | ver as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not | be one spot of Love in't. 403

Orl. I would not be cured, youth. ^{1 cottage}

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come everie day to my Coat,¹ and woe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my love, I will; Tel me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you live: Wil you go? 411

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nav, you must call mee *Rosalind*: Come sister, will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

[*The forest.*]

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Jaques: [behind.]

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch up your Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest, *Ovid* was among the Gothes.

Jaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Jove in a thatch'd house. 10

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be understood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, understanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetically.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Lovers are given to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Lovers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poeticall? 22

Clo. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, unlesse thou wert hard favour'd: for honestie ¹ coupled to beautie, is to have Honie a sawce to Sugar. ¹ chastity

Jaq. A materiall foole. 30

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie uppon a foule slut, were to put good meate into an uncleane dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule. ² ² homely

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy fouthnesse; slut-tishnesse may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I have bin with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple us. 42

Jaq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee have no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods;

right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, even so poore men alone: No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascal: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

60

Heere comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch us heere under this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to give the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: Ile give her.

Clo. Good even good M^r what ye cal't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, even a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be cover'd.

72

Jaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibbling.

Jaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married under a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and have a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but joyne you together, as they joyne

52. *hornes, even so poore men alone: Horns? Even so. Poor men alone?*—THEOBALD.

Wainscot, then one of you wil prove a shrunke pannel,
and like greene timber, warpe, warpe. 82

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee
married of him then of another, for he is not like to mar-
rie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good
excuse for me heereafter, to leave my wife.

Jaq. Goe thou with mee,
And let me counsel thee.

[*Clo.*] Come sweete *Audrey*,
We must be married, or we must live in haudrey: go
Farewel good M^r *Oliver*: Not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave
Oliver leave me not behind thee: But winde away, bee
gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knave of them
all shal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt*

Scœna Quarta.

[*The forest.*]

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ros. Never talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet have the grace to consider,
that teares do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire,
Therefore weepe.

Ros. His very haire
Is of the dissembling colour. 10

Cel. Something browner then Judasses:
Marrie his kisses are Judasses owne children.

Ros. I' faith his haire is of a good colour.

87-8. prose-POPE. 91-3. *O. . . thee*: 6 ll. irregular verse-JOHNSON.
7-17. prose-POPE.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Chessenut was ever the onely colour:

Ros. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a
Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslic,
the very yce of chastity is in them. 20

Rosa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this
morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Doe you thinke so?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-
stealer, but for his verity in love, I doe thinke him as
concave as a covered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love? 28

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him sweare downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Lover is no
stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the
confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the for-
rest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much que-
stion with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I
told him of as good as he, so he laugh'd and let mee goe.
But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man
as *Orlando*? ^{1 poor} 39

Cel. O that's a brave man, hee writes brave verses,
speakes brave words, swears brave oathes, and breakes
them bravely, quite travers athwart the heart of his lo-
ver, as a puisny¹ Tilter, that spurs his horse but on one
side, | breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's brave
that | youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

17. *tbc*: the-2-4F.

31. *of Lover*: of a lover-2-4F.

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you have oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,
Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse 50
That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Love,
And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Ros. O come, let us remove,
The sight of Lovers feedeth those in love:
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say 60
He prove a busie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

[*Another part of the forest.*]

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe*
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness; the common executioner
Whose heart th'accustom'd sight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Then he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin [behind]. 10

Pbe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not injure thee:

Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
 'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
 That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things,
 Who shut their coward gates on atomys,
 Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
 Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
 And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
 Now counterfeit to swound, why now fall downe, 20
 Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
 Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:
 Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
 Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
 Some scarre of it: Leane upon a rush
 The Cicatrice and capable impresseure
 Thy palme some moment keepe: but now mine eyes
 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
 Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes
 That can doe hurt. 30

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,

If ever (as that ever may be neere)
 You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie,
 Then shall you know the wounds invisible
 That Loves keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
 Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
 As till that time I shall not pitty thee.

Res. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
 That you insult, exult, and all at once 41
 Over the wretched? what though you hav no beauty
 As by my faith, I see no more in you

14. *pretty sure*: pretty, sure—THEOBALD.

25. *Leane upon*: lean but upon—2-4F.

34. *wounds*: wounds—2-4F.

Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
 Must you be therefore proude and pittilesse?
 Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
 I see no more in you then in the ordinary
 Of Natures sale-worke? 'ods my little life,
 I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:
 No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it, 50
 'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,
 Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
 That can entame my spirits to your worship:
 You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
 Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
 You are a thousand times a properer man
 Then she a woman. 'Tis such fooles as you
 That makes the world full of ill-favourd children:
 'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,
 And out of you she sees her selfe more proper 60
 Then any of her lineaments can show her:
 But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees
 And thanke heaven, fasting, for a good mans love;
 For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
 Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
 Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
 Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.
 So take her to thee Shepheard, fareyouwell.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
 I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe. 70

Res. Hees false in love with your foulnesse, & shee'll
 Fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast
 As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce
 Her with bitter words: why looke you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Res. I pray you do not fall in love with mee,

For I am falser then vowes made in wine:
 Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house,
 'Tis at the tuftt of Olives, here hard by:
 Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard: 80
 Come Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
 And be not proud, though all the world could see,
 None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.

Come, to our flocke, *Exit.*

• *Phe.* Dead Shepheard, now I sind thy saw of might,
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*.

Phe. Hah: what saist thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Silvius*. 90

Sil. Where ever sorrow is, reliefe would be:

If you doe sorrow at my grieffe in love,
 By giving love your sorrow, and my grieffe
 Were both extermin'd.

Phe. 'Thou hast my love, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were covetousnesse:

Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;
 And yet it is not, that I beare thee love,
 But since that thou canst talke of love so well, 100
 Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
 I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
 But doe not looke for further recompence
 Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
 And I in such a poverty of grace,
 That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
 To gleane the broken eares after the man

That the maine harvest reapes: loose now and then
A scattred smile, and that Ile live upon. 110

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-
while? |

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I love him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie, 119
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damask. 129
There be some women *Silvius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would have gone neere
To fall in love with him: but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Have more cause to hate him then to love him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I marvell why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:

111. *yerewhile*: *erewhile*-4F.

134. *Have*: *I have*-2-4F.

He write to him a very tanting Letter, 140
 And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. He write it strait:

The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
 Goe with me *Silvius*.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

[*The forest.*]

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I doe love it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellowes, and betray themselves to every moderne censure, worse then drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing. 10

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

Jaq. I have neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musicians, which is fantastical; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Lovers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my travells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse. 21

3 me better: me be better-2-4F.

20. by: my-2-4F.

Ros. A Traveller: by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I feare you have sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to have scene much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poore hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to travaile for it too. 30

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*.

Jaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse. ¹disparage

Ros. Farewell Mounsieur Travellor: looke you lisse, and weare strange suites; disable¹ all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of love with your nativitie, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you have swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where have you bin all this while? you a lover? and you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 42

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise in love? hee that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind*. 50

32. buy: be wi'-CAPELL. and: an-POPE.

47. thousand: thousandth-ROWE.

40. and: an-POPE.

49. bale: whole-4F.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaille.

Orl. Of a Snaille?

Ros. I, of a Snaille: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better joyncture I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why hornes: which such as you are faine to be be- | holding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his | fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife. 61

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a *Rosalind* of a better leere then you.

Ros. Come, wooc me, wooc mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind*? 70

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were gravel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occasion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers, lacking (God warne us) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be denide?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mistris? 81

Ros. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

51. and: an-Pope.

69. and: an-Pope.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Ros. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite:

Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die. 91

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world^e is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a love cause: *Troilus* had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Cestos. But these are all lies, men have died from time to time, and wormes have eaten them, but not for love. 105

Orl. I would not have my right *Rosalind* of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on disposition: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me *Rosalind*. 111

Ros. Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What saiest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marrie us: give me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you say sister? 121

Orl. Pray thee marrie us.

Cgt. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

Cel. Goe too: wil you *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalind*? 122

Orl. I will.

Ros. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for wife. 131

Orl. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might aske you for your Commission, But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her?

Orl. For ever, and a day. 140

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: no, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiyes: I will bee more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry:

I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe. 151

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

Ros. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wise.

Ros. Or else shee could not have the wit to doe this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores upon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wil't? 161

Ros. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have, to excuse that?

Rosa. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall never take her without her answer, unlesse you take her without her tongue: ô that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her never nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres *Rosalinde*, I wil leave thee.

Ros. Alas, deere love, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe. 173

Ros. I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would prove, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I, sweet *Rosalind*. 179

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dange-

rous, if you breake one jot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the unfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*: so adieu. 190

Ros. Well, Time is the olde Justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu. *Exit*

[*Orlando*].

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sexe in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluckt over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in love: but it cannot bee sounded: my affection hath an unknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall. 200

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, in runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee judge, how deepe I am in love: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt. 210

202. *in runs*: it runs-2-4F.

Scena Secunda.[*The forest.*]*Enter Jaques and Lords, Forresters.**Jaq.* Which is he that killed the Deare?*Lord.* Sir, it was I.*Jaq.* Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deare's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory; have you no song Forrester for this purpose?*Lord.* [*For.*] Yes Sir.*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

11

Musicke, Song.

[*For.*] *What shall he have that kild the Deare?**His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:**Thensing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;**Take thou no scorne to weare the borne,**It was a crest ere thou wast borne,**Thy fathers father wore it,**And thy father bore it,*• *The borne, the borne, the lusty borne,**Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.*

20

*Exeunt.**Scæna Tertia.*[*The forest.*]*Enter Rosalind and Celia.**Ros.* How say you now, is it not past two a clock?
And heere much *Orlando*.*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love, & troubled brain,15. *the rest shall beare this burthen:* printed as stage direction-
THEOBALD. 3. *a clock:* o'clock-THEOBALD. 3-7. prose-Pope.

Enter Silvius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me give you this: 10
I know not the contents, but as I guesse
By the sterne brow, and waspish action
Which she did use, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ros. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer, heare this, beare all:
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will, 20
Her love is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloves were on, but twas her hands: 30
She has a huswives hand, but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: womens gentle braine

10. *did bid*: *bid*-2-4F.

Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
 Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
 Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet: 41
 Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Ros. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant writes.

Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?*
That a maidens heart bath burn'd.

Can a woman raile thus? 42

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. *Read.* *Why, thy godhead laid a part,*
War'st thou with a womans heart?
 Did you ever heare such railing? 50

Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorne of your bright eie
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alacke, in me, what strange effect
Would they worke in milde aspect?

Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your praiers move?
He that brings this love to thee, 60

Little knowes this Love in me:
And by him seale up thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take

Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love denie,
And then Ile studie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard. 69

Ros. Doe you pittie him? No, he deserves no pittie:
 wilt thou love such a woman? what to make thee an in-

strument, and play false straines upon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Love hath made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exit. Sil.

Enter Oliver.

Oliv. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know) | 80

Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands
A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yceres: the boy is faire, 90
Of femall favour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no hoast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me 100
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
 He left a promise to returne againe
 Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
 Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,
 And marke what object did present it selfe
 Under an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age
 And high top, bald with drie antiquitie: 111.
 A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
 Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke
 A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
 Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
 The opening of his mouth: but sodainly
 Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it selfe,
 And with indented glides, did slip away
 Into a bush, under which bushes shade
 A Lyonnesse, with udders all drawne drie, 120
 Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch
 When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis
 The royall disposition of that beast
 To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:
 This scene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I have heard him speake of that same brother,
 And he did render him the most unnaturall
 That liv'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so^d doe, 130
 For well I know he was unnaturall.

Res. But to *Orlando*: did he leave him there
 Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
 But kindnesse, nobler ever then revenge,
 And Nature stronger then his just occasion,

110. an old Oake: an oak-POPE.

Made him give battell to the Lyonnesse:
 Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
 From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother? 140

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last betwixt us two,
 Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
 As how I came into that Desert place. 150
 I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
 Who gave me fresh aray, and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brothers love,
 Who led me instantly unto his Cave,
 There stript himselfe, and heere upon his arme
 The Lyonnesse had torne some flesh away,
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
 And cride in fainting upon *Rosalinde*.
 Briefe, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
 And after some small space, being strong at heart, 160
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am
 To tell this story, that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin
 Died in this bloud, unto the Shepheard youth,
 That he in sport doth call his *Rosalind*.

[*Rosalind swoons.*]

Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.

145. *sweetly*: *sweetly*-2-4F. 151. *I briefe*: *In brief*-2-4F

164. *this*: *his*-2-4F.

Cel. There is more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Looke, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

170

Cel. Wee'll lead you thither:

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.

Ros. I doe so, I confesse it:

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeit-
ted, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeit-
ted: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great te-
stimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of ear-
nest.

181

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to
be a man.

Ros. So I doe: but yfaith, I should have beene a wo-
man by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw
homewards: good sir, goe with us.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

190

Ros. I shall devise something: but I pray you com-
mend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. 'Scena Prima.

[*The forest.*]

Enter Clowne [Touchstone] and Awdrie.

Clow. We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gen-
tle *Awdrie*.

173-5. prose—POPE.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemen saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Awdrie*, a most vile *Mar-text*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane. 11

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good ev'n *William*.

Will. And good ev'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prethee bee cover'd. How olde are you Friend? 21

Will. Five and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer:
Art rich?

Will. 'Faith sir, so, so.

Cle. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so: 31
Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I have a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman

knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do love this maid? 40

Will. I do sit.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To have, is to have. For^a it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he sir? 49

Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better understanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart. 61

Aud. Do good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry sir. *Exit*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

41. *sir*: *sir*-2-4F.

59. *police*: *policy*-2-4F.

Clo. Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend,
I attend.

Exeunt

Scæna Secunda.

[*The forest.*]

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? And loving woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you persever to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the povertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sqdain⁹ consenting: but say with mee, I love *Aliena*: say with her, that she loves mee; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the revennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate upon you, and heere live and die a Shepherd. 14

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent.
Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Invite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,
Heere comes my *Rosalinde*. 20

Ros. God save you brother.

Ol. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeves me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

9. *nor sodaine*: *nor her sudden*—*Rowe*.

16-20. *prose*—*Popz*.

22. *Ol.*: *Orl.*—2-4*F*.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to sound,¹ when he shew'd me your handkercher? 30

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that. ^{1, swoon}

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was never any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cesars* Thrasonicall bragge of I came, saw, and overcome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, have they made a paire of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them. 44

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heavinesse. by how much I shal thinke my brother happie, in having what he wishes for. 50

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serve your turne for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion

35. overcome: overcame-2-4F.

AS YOU LIKE IT

[V. ii. 60-93]

of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeve then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have since I was three yeare olde conversed with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know in-to what straights of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger. 70

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter Silvius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my studie 80
To seeme despightfull and ungentle to you:
you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,
Looke upon him, love him: he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service, 90
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, dutie, and observance,
All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all observance:
And so am I for *Phebe*. 100

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee
to love you. 108

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling
of Irish Wolves against the Moone: [*To Sil.*] I will
helpe you | if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you if I
could: To morrow meet | me altogether: [*To Phe.*] I
wil marrie you, if ever I marrie Wo- | man, and Ile
be married to morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfie you, | if
ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to mor- |
row. [*To Sil.*] I wil content you, if what pleases you
contents | you, and you shal be married to morrow:
[*To Orl.*] As you love | *Rosalind* meet, [*To Sil.*] as
you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no | woman, Ile
meet: so fare you wel: I have left you com- | mands.

114. will: will-2-4F.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I live.

121

Pbe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

[*The forest.*]

Enter Clowne [Touchstone] and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow will we be married.

Awd. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world? Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Wel met honest Gentleman. 9

Clo. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse.

• Song.

It was a Lover, and his lasse,

With a bey, and a ho, and a bey nonino,

T'hat o're the greene corne feild did passe, 20

In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.

When Birds do sing, bey ding a ding, ding.

Sweet Lovers love the spring,

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime.*

In spring time, &c.

*Betweene the acres of the Ric,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
These prettie Country folks would lie.*

30

In spring time, &c.

*This Carroll they began that boure,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,*

In spring time, &c.

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the dittie, yet the note was very untunable

1. Pa. you are deceiv'd Sir, we kept time, we lost not our time.

39

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrie.*

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

[*The forest.*]

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

Du. Sen. Dost thou beleeve *Orlando*, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do beleeve, and somtimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

24-7. shifted after l. 35-JOHNSON.

41. buy: be wif'-CAPELL.

Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, & Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*, 10
You will bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with hir.

Ros. And you say you wil have her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

Ros. You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

Pbe. That will I, should I die the houre after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marrie me,
You'l give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.

Pbe. So is the bargaine.

Ros. You say that you'l have *Phebe* if she will. 20

Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one
thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter,
You yours *Orlando*, to receive his daughter:
Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keepe your word *Silvius*, that you'l marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go 29
To make these doubts all even. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

Du. Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some lively touches of my daughters favour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his unckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

26. *Keepe you your: Keep your*-2Rowx.

34. *daugbrer: daughter*-2-4F.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest. 40

Jaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares. 48

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I have trod a measure, I have flattred a Lady, I have bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine enemie, I have undone three Tailors, I have had foure quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that tane up?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du. Se. I like him very well. 59

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatives to sweare, and to forswear, according as mariage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-favor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

Du. Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases. 70

Jaq. But for the seventh cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lye, seven times removed: (beare your bodie more seeming¹ *Audry*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome: and so ro lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct. 85

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut? ^{1 seemly}

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial: nor he durst not give me the lye direct: and so wee measur'd swords, and parted. 90

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you have bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quarrelsome: the sixth, the Lye with circumstance: the seventh, the Lye direct: all these you may avoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may avoide that too, with an If. I knew when seven Justices could not take up² a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so: and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if. ^{2 make up}

85. so to: so to the-2-4F.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du. Se. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia. 110
Still Musicke.

Hymen. *T'hen is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made eaven
attune together.*

*Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from Heaven brought her,
Yea brought her betther.*

*That thou mightst joyne his hand with bis,
Whose heart within his bosome is.*

Ros. [*To Duke*] To you I give my selfe, for I am
yours. | 120

[*To Or.*] To you I give my selfe, for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Or. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Phe. If sight & shape be true, why then my love adieu

Ros. Ile have no Father, if you be not he:

Ile have no Husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion *

Of these most strange events: 130

Here's eight that must take hands,

To joyne in *Hymens* bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you, no crosse shall part;

118. *his band*: her hand-3-4F.

124. 2 rhymed ll.—Pore.

AS YOU LIKE IT

[V. iv. 138-165]

You and you, are hart in hart:
 You, to his love must accord,
 Or have a Woman to your Lord.
 You and you, are sure together,
 As the Winter to fowle Weather:
 Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing, 140
 Feed your selves with questioning:
 That reason, wonder may diminish
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

*Wedding is great Junos crowne,
 O.blessed bond of boord and bed:
 'Tis Hymen peoples everie towne,
 High wedlock then be honored:
 Honor, high honor and renowne
 To Hymen, God of everie Towne.* 150

Du. Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
 Even daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

Pbe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
 Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother [Jaques de Boys].

2. *Bro.* Let me have audience for a word or two:
 I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*,
 That bring these tidings to this faire assembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that everie day
 Men of great worth resorted to this forrest, 160
 Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote
 In his owne conduct, purposely to take
 His brother heere, and put him to the sword:
 And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;

Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
 After some question with him, was converted
 Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
 His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
 And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
 That were with him exil'd. This to be true, 170
 I do engage my life.

Du. Se. Welcome yong man:
 Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding:
 To one his lands with-held, and to the other
 A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
 First, in this Forrest, let us do those ends
 That heere wete well begun, and wel begot:
 And after, every of this happie number
 That have endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with us,
 Shal sharc the good of our returned fortune, 180
 According to the measure of their states.
 Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
 And fall into our Rusticke Revelrie:
 Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
 With measure heap'd in joy, to'th Measure fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
 The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
 And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2. *Bro.* He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites, 190
 There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:

[*To Duke*] you to your former Honor, I bequeath
 your patience, and your vertue, well deserves it.

[*To Orl.*] you to a love, that your true faith doth merit:

[*To Ol.*] you to your land, and love, and great allies:

[*To Sil.*] you to a long, and well-deserved bed:

169. *bim*: them-Rowe.

177. *wete*: were-2-4F.

180. *sharc*: share-2-4F.

[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du. Se. Stay, *Jaques*, stay. 200

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have,
He stay to know, at your abandon'd cave. *Exit.*

Du. Se. Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights,
As we do trust, they'l end in true delights. *Exit*

[*Epilogue.*]

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes: and good playes prove the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to conjure you, and He begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the love you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men) for the love you beare to women (as I perceive by your simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

First printed in First Folio, 1623

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

'THE TAMING OF THE SHREW' shows how an obstinate temper was overcome by one still more obstinate, and represents a struggle of wills, together with a mediaeval notion of wifely duty.

The tone is softened by a presenting of the leading facts in the form of a play within a play. In the Induction a drunken tinker is deluded into the belief that he is a rich nobleman, and the play proper is shown before him.

In Act I a Paduan gentleman has two daughters, Bianca and Katharina — the former gentle and lovable, the latter shrewish and forbidding. As Katharina is the elder, their father insists that she shall be wedded first — an event which seems so doubtful as to cause anxiety to Bianca's many admirers, until Petruchio arrives from Verona to sue for her hand. One of Bianca's lovers, Lucentio, meantime resorts to a ruse to gain access to her, and in Act II obtains a position as her tutor.

Petruchio meets Katharina's curtness with a dictatorial manner in their singular wooing scene, and a wedding day is set. The groom arrives late at the ceremony (Act III), and in unsuitable attire. Immediately afterward he hurries his bride home without waiting for the wedding feast.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

In Act IV he continues his peculiar and harsh methods with Katharina, until she ends by having no will of her own.

Lucentio wins Bianca by his stratagem and (Act V) weds her secretly. Afterward the facts are made known, and Lucentio gives a banquet to relatives and friends. Katharina and Petruchio are among the guests, and, to the general surprise, Katharina, on a wager, shows herself to be more tractable than Bianca or another bride in the party.

SOURCES

The present play was founded directly upon an older version published anonymously in 1594 with the title of 'A Pleasaunt Conceited Historie, called The Taming of a Shrew, as it was Sundry Times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his Servants.' The plots of the two are so nearly identical as to show that the Shakespearian version was merely a thorough revision of the other, although the later text reveals many important changes: it adds the love-plot of Bianca and Lucentio; curtails the part of Sly the tinker, which in the old play is resumed at the end; tempers the disposition of Petruchio from his coarse counterpart Ferardo; changes the diction; recasts the characters; and, in short, builds a new structure on the frame-work of the old. No attempt was made to hide traces of the old frame-work. Instead, it was used with the freedom of proprietorship, and occasionally allowed to peep out of the new building, lending a curious complex air to the whole.

The older play is of the Marlowan type, displaying some poetic beauty encumbered by formalism and

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vulgarity. Several editors ascribe it to Robert Greene, with the possible assistance of Marlowe or Shakespeare. Others have held that it was an early work of Shakespeare, who revised it for later service on the stage. But this contention is disputed by critics, who point out the presence of at least three hands in the Folio version of 'The Shrew': that of the early writer; that of Shakespeare, who revised this writer's lines and added others of his own; and that of still another stage collaborator. It was not unusual for three or four in a company of players to work thus together, revamping a play to suit their own needs and special situations; and this was evidently done to transform 'The Taming of a Shrew' into 'The Taming of the Shrew.' The new Induction is believed to be the work of Shakespeare. Act I is ascribed to his collaborator, who also shared largely in Acts II and III, while most of Acts IV and V are Shakespeare's. In other words, the leading incidents and structure are the original author's; the Bianca love-scenes are the later collaborator's; and the Katharina and Petruchio scenes, the Induction, and the added colouring are Shakespeare's.

Turning from this certainly direct source, we come to some indirect sources for the play. 'The Induction finds its counterpart in 'Arabian Nights,' where the Eastern custom of masques and interludes was popular. Other countries also utilized the idea; and Shakespeare did not hesitate to make use of it in such divergent pieces as 'Midsommer Nights Dreame' and 'Hamlet.'

The leading story of 'The Shrew' might find a suggestion in a poem written before 1575, entitled 'A Merry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morrelles Skin.' Similar themes were made use of by Italian writers.

Shrew E

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

The auxiliary story of Bianca and her lovers has a counterpart in Ariosto's 'Gli Suppositi,' an English version of which was acted at Gray's Inn, 1566. The name Petruchio may also be derived from this source.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The old play is easily confined in action to two days; but the new one requires two weeks, though only five or six days are represented on the stage. Day 1 occupies the first act, and possibly the second; the latter may, however, be allowed a day of its own. Petruchio goes to Venice, but returns on the Saturday before his wedding. Day 3, Act III, scene i. Day 4 (the wedding day), Act III, scene ii, Act IV, scene i. Day 5, Act IV, scene ii. Day 6, remainder of play. One or two other intervals may easily be suggested.

The period conforms, in the Induction, to the England of Shakespeare's day, and in the play proper to contemporary Italy.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

In the list of plays mentioned in Meres's 'Palladis Tamia' (1598) is an unknown title, 'Loves Labours Wonne,' which might allude to 'The Taming of the Shrew,' though this seems improbable. Indeed, neither external nor internal evidence is satisfactory in fixing the date of the play. Authorities have differed widely. Malone first assigned the play to the year 1596, and afterward placed it at 1606, while others, as we have seen, looked on the 1594 version as partly Shakespeare's, and made more fully his by revision four or five years later.

The composite nature of the text renders internal

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evidence unsatisfactory. The general style and line structure indicate the period about or later than 1598, while the doggerel and word-play look back toward the date of the earlier production.

Some authorities have placed the time as far forward as 1601-03, basing their judgment on internal traits.¹ The general opinion, however, is that it belongs to 1598-99.

EARLY EDITIONS

The first known printing of 'The Taming of the Shrew' was in the First Folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages, pages 208-229, among the comedies. Four acts are there indicated, but no scenes or *Dramatis Personæ*, these being first supplied by Rowe.

The Folio text was reprinted in a Quarto of 1631, which bore the following title:

'A Wittie and Pleasaunt Comedie called the Taming of the Shrew. As it was Acted by His Majesties Servants at The Blacke Friers and the Globe. Written by Will. Shakespeare. London. Printed by W. S. for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop at Saint Dunstones Churchyard under the Diall, 1631.'

Smethwicke was one of the publishers of the First Folio. There is record, also, of the old play 'Taming of a Shrew' being transferred to him in 1607. It has since been reprinted by the Shakespeare Society.

The text of 'The Shrew' as given in the First Folio is generally good. It has many imperfect lines in it, however, which earlier editors employed much fruitless effort upon. The language itself offers few obscurities.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, *a tinker.*

Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen,
and Servants.

} *Persons in the
Induction.*

BAPTISTA, *a rich gentleman of Padua.*

VINCENTIO, *an old gentleman of Pisa.*

LUCENTIO, *son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.*

PETRUCHIO, *a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.*

GREMIO,

HORTENSIO, } *suitors to Bianca.*

TRANIO,

BIONDELLO, } *servants to Lucentio.*

GRUMIO,

CURTIS, } *servants to Petruchio.*

A Pedant.

KATHARINA, *the shrew,*

BIANCA,

Widow.

} *daughters to Baptista.*

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house.*]

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW



Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

[INDUCTION. Scene i. *Before an alehouse on a beath.*]

Enter Bigger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger [Sly].

[LE pheeze¹ you infaith. ¹ beat

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

Beg. [Sly] Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no |
Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came | in with
Richard Conqueror: therefore *Pau-* | *cas pallabris*, let
the world slide: Sessa.² | ² be quiet 9

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by *S. Jeronimie*, goe to thy
cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-
borough.³ ³ constable [Exit.]

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere
him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come,
and kindly.⁴ ⁴ welcome Falles asleepe.

1. *Actus primus. Scæna Prima*: out-STEEVENS.

2. *Enter Begger .. Sly*: *Enter Hostess and Sly*-ROWE.

11. *S. Jeronimie*: *S.* out-Q.

13-14. *Head-borough*: third-borough-THEOBALD.

Winde bornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
Brach¹ *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imbest,² 20
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,¹ *hitch*
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunts. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried upon it at the meekest losse,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccbo* were as fleet,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such: 30
But sup them well, and looke unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunts. I will my Lord. ² *foaming at the mouth*

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth
he breath?

2. Hun. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd
with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. 40
What thinke you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put upon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1. Hun. Beleeeve me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.

2. H. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthless fancie.

24. *loose*: *loose*-2-4F.

34-5. *verse*-Q.

36. *breath's*: *breathes*-3-4F.

36-7. 2 five-accent ll.-2Rows.

OF THE SHREW

[In. i. 45-76]

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
 Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber, 50
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.
 Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
 And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
 Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes,
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound:
 And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
 (And with a lowe submissive reverence)
 Say, what is it your Honor wil command:
 Let one attend him with a silver Bason
 Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers, 60
 Another beare the Bwer: the third a Diaper,¹
 And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
 Some one be readie with a costly suite, ^{1 napkin}
 And aske him what apparel he will weare:
 Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
 And that his Ladie mournes at his disease,
 Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
 And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
 For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
 This do, and do it kindly,² gentle sirs, 70
 It wil be pastime passing excellent, ^{2 naturally}
 If it be husbanded with modestie.

1. *Hunts.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
 As he shall thinke by our true diligence
 He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
 And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly.*] *Sound trumpets.*

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,

[*Exit Servingman.*]

Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes 80
 ('Travelling some journey) to repose him heere.

Enter Servingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players
That offer service to your Lordship.*Enter Players.**Lord.* Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome.*Players.* We thanke your Honor.*Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to night? go*2. Player.* So please your Lordshippe to accept our
dutie.*Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name: but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.*Sincklo* [*a Player*]. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your
honor meanes. |*Lord.* 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time, 100
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning¹ can assist me much. 1 skill
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (over-eying of his odde behaviour,
For yet his honor never heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.*Plai.* Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selves,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world. 111

OF THE SHREW

[In. i. 102-133]

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And give them friendly welcome everie one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoord.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
Th' ~~is~~ done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love) 120
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble Ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her love.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome 130
Bid him shed teares, as being over-joyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy have not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close convey'd)
Shall in despite enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst, 140
Anon Ile give thee more instructions.

Exit a servingman.

I know the boy will wel usurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,

And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
 When they do homage to this simple peasant,
 Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merrie spleene,
 Which otherwise would grow into extreames. 150
 [Exeunt.]

[Scene ii. *A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*]

Enter aloft the drunkard [Sly] with attendants, some with apparel, | Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord. |

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1. *Ser.* Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?

2. *Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserves? 6

3. *Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor | Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you give | me any Conserves, give me conserves of Beefe: nere ask | me what raiment Ile weare, for I have no more doub- | lets then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor | no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then | shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the o- | ver-leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humor in your Honor. Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
 Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
 Should be infused with so foule a spirit. 19

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Christopher Slye*, old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by hyrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a

4. *Lord:* lordship-Q.2-4F.

5-6. verse-Q.3-4F.

21. *Sies:* Sly's (Slics)-Q.2-4F.

Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker.
 Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee
 know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for
 sheere¹ Ale, score me up for the lyingst knave in Christen
 dome. What I am not bestraught:² here's——

3. *Man.* [*Serv.*] Oh this it is that makes your Ladie
 meyne. | ¹ pure ² distracted

2 *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your
 house | 30

As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.

Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowlie dreames:

Looke how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office readie at thy becke.

Wilt thou have Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick*
 And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l have thee to a Couch,
 Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed 40

On purpose trim'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? 'Thy horses shal be trap'd,
 Their harnesse studded all with Gold and Pearle.

Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
 Above the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
 Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
 And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as
 swift |

As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe. 50

2 *M.* Dost thou love pictures? we wil fetch thee strait

42. *bestrow*: bestrew—STEEVENS (1793).

Adonis painted by a running brooke,
 And Citherea all in sedges hid,
 Which seeme to move and wanton with her breath,
 Even as the waving sedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *Jo*, as she was a Maid,
 And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
 As livelie painted, as the deede was done.

3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thorn^le wood,
 Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,
 And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe, 61
 So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
 Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
 Then any woman in this waining age.

1 *Man.* And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
 Like envious flouds ore-run her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world,
 And yet shee is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Ladie? 70
 Or do I dreame? Or have I dream'd till now?
 I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake: ~
 I smel sweet savours, and I feele soft things:
 Upon my life I am a Lord indeede,
 And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
 Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
 And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your
 hands:
 Oh how we joy to see your wit restor'd, 80
 Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
 These fifteene yeeres you have bin in a dreame,
 Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fiftene yeeres, by my fay,¹ a goodly nap,
But did I never speake of all that time. *faith*

1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile upon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Lecte,² 90
Because she brought stone-Jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.

3. *man.* Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *John Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,² law-court
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

101

Enter [the Page as a] Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.

Lady. [*Page*] How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?

La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience. 111

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Jone* Madam?

114. *Alce:* Al'ce-Capell.

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies

Beg. Madame wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fiftene yeare or more.

Lady. I, and the time secme's thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, servants leave me and her alone:
Madam undresse you, and come now to bed. 121

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not so, untill the Sun be set.
For your Physitians have expressly charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse. 128

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I
wil therefore tarrie in despite of the flesh & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very mcete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment, 139
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-
tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling trick?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.

Beg. What, houshold stuffe.

132. *Messenger:* Messenger-Q.2-4F. 135. *mcete:* meet-Q.2-4F.

141. *play, it is:* play it. Is-CAPELL.

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, we'l see't:

Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

[Act I. Scene i. *Padua. A public place.*]

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

Luc. Triano, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
'The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie servant well approv'd in all,
Heere let us breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies. 10
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio's sonne, brough up in *Florence*,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Triano*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse, 20
By vertue specially to be'atchiev'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves

146-8. prose—POPE.

1. *Flourish*: shift to end of Induction—CAMBRIDGE.

1. *Triano*: *Tranio*—2-4F.

9. *breath*: breathe—3-4F.

14. *Vincentio's*: *Vincentio*,—HANMER.

15. *brougb*: brought—Q. 2-4F.

A shallow plash,¹ to plunge him in the deepe, ¹ *pool*
 And with sacietie seekes to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle master mine:
 I am in all affected as your selfe,
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
 To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
 Onely (good master) while we do admire 30
 This vertue, and this morall discipline,
 Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
 Or so devote to *Aristotles* checkes ² 2 *ethics*
 As *Ovid*; be an out-cast quite abjur'd:
 Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaince that you have,
 And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
 Musicke and Poesie use, to quicken³ you, ³ *animate*
 The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
 Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serves you:
 No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane: 40
 In brieft sir, studie what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies Tranio, well dost thou advise,
 If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readinesse,
 And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
 Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
 But stay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Master some shew to welcome us to Towne.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca,
Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortentio sister to Bianca. 51
Lucen. Tranio, stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:

26. *Me Pardonato*: *Mi perdonato*—CAPELL, CAMBRIDGE.

34. *Ovid; be*: *Ovid be*—3-4F. 50. *sister*: *sultor* (*shuiter*—2F)—3-4F.

OF THE SHREW

[I. i. 50-79]

That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Katherina*,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. [*Aside*] To cart her rather. She's to rough for
me, |

There, here *Hortensio*, will you any Wife? 60

Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a stale¹ of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you, ^{1 dupe}
Unlesse you were of gentler milder mould.

Kate. I'faith sir, you shall never neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and use you like a foole. 70

Hor. From all such divels, good Lord deliver us.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Husht master, heres some good pastime toward;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.

Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behaviour and sobrietie.

Peace *Tranio*.

Tra. Well said M^r, mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in, 80
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee nere the lesse my girle.

Kate. A pretty peate,² it is best put finger in the eye,
and she knew why. ^{2 pet}

63-4. 1 l.—POPE.

83-4. 2 ll. ending best, why—CAPELL.

84. and: an—POPE.

Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent.
 Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
 My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
 On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerva* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange, 90
 Sorrie am I that our good will effects

Bianca's greefe.

Gre. Why will you mew her up
 (Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
 And make her heare the pennance of her tongue.

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resovld:
 Go in *Bianca*. [Exit *Bianca*.]

And for I know she taketh most delight
 In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
 Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house, 100
 Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,
 Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
 Preferre¹ them hither: for to cunning men,
 I will be very kinde and liberall, ¹ *recommend*
 To mine owne children, in good bringing up,
 And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
 For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. Exit.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
 What shall I be appointed houres, as though
 (Belike) I knew not what to take, 110
 And what to leave? Ha. Exit

Gre. You may go to the divels dam: your guifts are
 so good heere's none will holde you: Their love is not
 so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together,
 and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides.
 Farewell: yet for the love I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if

96. *resovld*: resolved (resolved)—Q. 2-4F.

108-111. *prose*—1^o *OFK*.

I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish¹ him to her father. 118

Hor. So will I signiour *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd parle, know now upon advice,² it toucheth us both: that we may yet againe have accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

¹ commend

Gre. What's that I pray?

² reflection

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a divell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a divell: Think'st thou *Hortensio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?

131

Hor. Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; 'To be whipt at the hie crosse everie morning.

138

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wec set his yongest free for a husband, and then have too t afresh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his woiing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

*Exeunt ambo.*¹ *Manet*² *Tranio and Lucentio* 150

Tra. I pray air tel me, is it possible ^{1 both}
That love should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely. ^{2 remains}

But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Love in idlenesse,
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as deere

As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*, 160

If I atchieve not this yong modest gyrl:
Counsaille me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, naught remaines but so,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo. ^{3 much thanks}

Luc Gramercies ³ Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly ⁴ on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all. 171

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had, ^{4 longingly}
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corall lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre, 180
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him from his trance:
167. *captam*: *captum*-2-4F. 169. *counsels*: *counsel's*-2-4F.

I pray awake sir: if you love the Maide,
 Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeve her. Thus it stands:
 Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
 That til the Father rid his hands of her,
 Master, your Love must live a maide at home,
 And therefore has he closely meu'd her up,
 Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he: 190
 But art thou not advis'd, he tooke some care
 To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
 Both our inventions meet and jumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
 And undertake the teaching of the maid:
 That's your device. 200

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
 And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
 Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
 Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?

Luc. *Basta*,¹ content thee: for I have it full.
 We have not yet bin scene in any house,
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces, ¹ enough
 For man or master: then it followes thus;
 Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted: 210
 Keepe house, and port,² and servants, as I should,
 I will some other be, some *Florentine*, ² pomp
 Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
 Uncase thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,

215. *Conlord*: colour'd (coulord-2F.)-3-4F.

When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:

In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient, 220
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be serviceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Because so well I love *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loves,
And let me be a slave, t'atchieve that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you bin? 230

Bion. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where
are you? Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your
cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the
newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to save my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his:
For in a quarrell since I came a shore, 240
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*. 247

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to have the next wish after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daughter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I advise you use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places else, you master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:

One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighty.

Exeunt. *The Presenters above speakes.*

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play. 261

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame
Ladie: would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

[Scene ii. *Padua.* *Before Hortensio's house.*]

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend
Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

Grumio. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there
any man ha's rebus'd your worship?

249. *I'faith*: I, faith—KNIGHT.

249-54. 6 ll. ending after, daughter, advise, companies, *Tranio*, *Lucentio*—CAPELL.

254. *you*: your—2-4F.

255-8. prose—POPE. 259. *speakes*: *speak*—4F. 260-1. verse—ROWE.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

Gru. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir,
that I should knocke you heere sir. 11

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaves pate.

Gru. My M^r is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petr. Will it not be?
'Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

He rings him by the eares 20

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend
Grumio, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all
at *Verona*?

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to-part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto molto bonorata signi-
or mio Petruchio.* 30

Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.
If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leave his service,
looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him sound-

14-15. 1 l.—THEOBALD.

18. *and*: *an*—THEOBALD.

21. *mistris*: *masters*—THEOBALD.

28. *Contutti le core bene trobatto*: *Con tutto il cuore, ben tro-
vato* (trovato-2-4F.)—THEOBALD.

29. *bene*: *ben*-2-4F. *multo*: *molto*—THEOBALD. *benorata*: *hon-
orato*-3-4F. *signior*: *signor*—THEOBALD.

32. *leges*: 'leges—CAPELL.

ly sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first, then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Petr. A sencelesse villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I had the rascall knocke upon your gate, 40
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gr. Knocke at the gate? O heavens: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I advise you.

Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heavie chance twixr him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant servant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale 50
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?

Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen throgh the world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I have thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world. 60

Hor. *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,

36. *perpe*: pip-2Rowe.

37-8. 2 five-accent ll.-2Rowe.

48. *this*: this's-CAMBRIDGE. *twixr*: 'twixt-Q.2-4F.

54. *growes but*: grows. But-CAPELL.

58. *Happily*: Haply-MALONE.

And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her.

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:

(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance) 70

Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Love,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:

She moves me not, or not removes at least
Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.

I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:

If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*. 78

Gru. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his
minde is: why give him Gold enough, and marrie him
to a Puppet or an Aglet babie,¹ or an old trot with ne're a
tooth in her head, though she have as manie diseases as
two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so
monie comes withall. ¹ *lace tag shaped like figure*

Hor. *Petruchio*, since we are stept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautilous,
Brought up as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is faults enough, 90
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond ali measure,
That were my state farre worscr then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

70 *burthen*: burden—STEEVENS (1778).

72. *Sibell*: Sibyl—THEOBALD. *sbrow'd*: shrewd (shrew'd)—2-4F.

73. *Zentippe*: Xanthippe (Xantippe)—THEOBALD.

75 *as*: as—Q. 2-4F. 92. *sbrow'd*: shrewd (shrew'd)—2-4F.

OF THE SHREW

[I. ii. 93-125]

Petr. Hortensio peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord¹ her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,^{1 woo}
An affable and courteous Gentleman,¹⁰⁰
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renowid in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I wil not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unlesse you wil accompanie me thither.¹⁰⁸

Gr. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.
A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would
thinke scolding would doe little good upon him. Shee
may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaves, or so: Why
that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope
trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand² him but a li-
tle, he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir
with it, that shee shal have no more eies to see withall
then a Cat: you know him not sir.^{2 withstand}

Hor. Tarric *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
For in *Baptistas* keepe³ my treasure is:^{3 custody}
He hath the Jewel of my life in hold,¹²⁰
His yongest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and rivals in my Love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearst,
That ever *Katherina* wil be woo'd:

110. *A my:* O' my—2*Rowe.* 110, 113, 114. *and:* an—*Pope.*
122. *me.* *Oter:* me and other—*Capell.*

Therefore this order¹ hath *Baptista* tane, ^{1 measure}
 That none shal have accesse unto *Bianca*,
 Til *Katherine* the Curst, have got a husband.

Gru. *Katherine* the curst,² 130
 A title for a maide, of all titles the worst. ^{2 sbrewish}

Hor. Now shal my friend *Petrucchio* do me grace,
 And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
 To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master
 Well scene³ in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
 That so I may by this device at least ^{3 versed}
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And unsuspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised. 139

Gru. Heere's no knaverie. See, to beguile the olde-
 folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together.
 Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the rivall of my Love.
Petrucchio stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Gremio. O very well, I have perus'd the note:
 Hearke you sir, Ile have them verie fairely bound,
 All bookes of Love, see that at any hand,
 And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
 You understand me. Over and beside 150
Signior Baptistas liberalitie,
 Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
 And let me have them verie wel perfum'd;
 For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe
 To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
 As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,

139. *disguised*: disguised (disguis'd-Q.)-2-4F.

As firmly as your selfe were still in place,
 Yea and perhaps with more succesfull words
 Then you; unlesse you were a scholler sir. 160

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke,¹ what an Asse it is.

Petru. Peace sirra. ^{1 fool}

● *Hor.* *Grumio* mum: God save you signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.

Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,
 I promist to enquire carefully

About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this yong man: For learning and behaviour 170

Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie

And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a Gentleman
 Hath promist me to helpe one to another,

A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,

So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie

To faire *Bianca*, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shal prove.

Gru. And that his bags shal prove.

Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love, 180

Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,

Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.

Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to wooe curst *Katherine*,

Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:

If that be all Masters, I heare no harme. 190

174. one: me-Rowe.

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?

Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* sonne:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shal have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?

Petr. Will I live?

Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her. 200

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine cares?
Have I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heavens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue? 210
That gives not halfe so great a blow to heare,
As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.

Gru. For he feares none.

Grem. *Hortensio* hearke:

This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.

Hor. I promist we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere. 219

Gremio. And so we wil, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

192. *Butonios*: Antonio's—Rowe.

196. too't a: to't i'—CAMBRIDGE.

217. yours: ours—THEOBALD.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God save you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you
meane?

Tra. Even he *Biondello*. 228

Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to ——

Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what have you to do?

Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.

Tranio. I love no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?

Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you
hence.

Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the streers as free
For me, as for you? 240

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason I beseech you.

Gre. For this reason if you'l kno,

That she's the choise love of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: hearæ me with patience.
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all unknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is, 250
She may more sutors have, and me for one.
Faire *Lædaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,

Then well one more may faire *Bianca* have;
 And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one,
 Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke us all.

Luc. Sir give him head, I know hee'l prove a Jade.

Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
 Did you yet ever see *Baptistas* daughter? 260

Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
 The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
 As is the other, for beauteous modestie.

Petr. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
 And let it be more then *Alcides* twelve.

Petr. Sir understand you this of me (insooth)
 The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
 Her father keepes from all accesse of sutors,
 And will not promise her to any man, 270
 Untill the elder sister first be wed.

The yonger then is free, and not before.

Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man
 Must steed us all, and me amongst the rest:
 And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
 Atchieve the elder: set the yonger free,
 For our accesse, whose hap shall be to have her,
 Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceive,
 And since you do professe to be a sutor, 280
 You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
 To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe wherecor,
 Please ye we may contrive ¹ this afternoone, ¹ *while away*

274. *steed*: *stead*-CAPELL.

275. *seeke*: *seat*-Rowe.

And quaffe carowses to our Mistresse health,
 And do as adversaries do in law,
 Strive mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

Gr. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so, 289
Petruchio, I shal be your *Been venuto*. *Exeunt.*

[Act II. Scene i. *Padua. A room in Baptista's house.*]

Enter Katherine and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
 To make a bondmaide and a slave of mee,
 That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
 Unbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
 Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
 Or what you will command me, wil I do,
 So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
 Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not. 10

Bianca. Beleeeve me sister, of all the men alive,
 I never yet beheld that speciall face,
 Which I could fancie, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou lvest: Is't not *Hortensio*?

Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
 Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal have him.

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
 You wil have *Gremio* to keepe you faire.

Bian. Is it for him you do envie me so?
 Nay then you jest, and now I wel perceive 20
 You have but jested with me all this while:
 I prethee sister Kate, untie my hands.

Ka. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her*

290. *Ben:* ben-2-4F.

4. *goods:* gawds-THORALD.

9. *charge tel:* charge thee, tell-2-4F.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence? ¹ *worthless person*

Bianca stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding ¹ of a divellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word? ³¹

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reveng'd.
Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit*
[Bianca].

Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And sor your love to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of revenge. *[Exit.]* ⁴⁰

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus greev'd as I?
But who comes heere.

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
Petruchio with [Hortensio as a musician; and] Tran-
nio, with his boy [Biondello] | bearing a Lute and
Bookes. |*

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God save
you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir: pray have you not a daughter,
cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous. ⁵⁰

Bap. I have a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina*.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
 I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
 That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
 Her affability and bashfull modestie:
 Her wondrous qualities, and milde behaviour,
 Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witnessse
 Of that report, which I so oft have heard, 60
 And for an entrance to my entertainment,
 I do present you with a man of mine

[*Presenting Hortensio*]

Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
 His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y're welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
 But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
 She is not for your turne, the more my greefe. 70

Pet. I see you do not meane to part with her,
 Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
 Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* sonne,
 A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are
 poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*,¹ you are mervay-
 lous forward. ^{1 go back} 80

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be
 doing.

68. *T'res*: You're-2THEOBALD.

78-80. 3 ll. ending pray, too, forward-STEEVENS (1778).

81-2. 1 l.-Q.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
 Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
 Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
 The like kindnesse my selfe, that have beene
 More kindly beholding to you then any:
 Freely give unto this yong Scholler, [*Presenting Lu-*
centio] that hath |
 Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
 In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages, 90
 As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
 His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior *Gremio*:
 Welcome good *Cambio*. [*To Tranio*] But gentle sir,
 Me thinks you walke like a stranger,
 May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the holdnesse is mine owne,
 That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
 Do make my selfe as utor to your daughter,
 Unto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous: 100
 Nor is your firme resolve unknowne to me,
 In the preferment of the eldest sister.
 This liberty is all that I request,
 That upon knowledge of my Parentage,
 I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
 And free accesse and favour as the rest.
 And toward the education of your daughters:
 I heere bestow a simple instrument,
 And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
 If you accept them, then their worth is great: 110

83-4. *I .. wooing*: I l.—CAPELL.

84. *wooing neighbors*: wooing. Neighbour—THEOBALD.

84-92. *neighbors, etc.*: prose—POPE.

88. *unto this*: unto you this—CAMBRIDGE.

89. *Rhemes*: Rheims—CAPELL.

93-6. prose—POPE.

99. *as utor*: a suitor (a tutor—Q.)—2-4F.

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both 120
These are their Tutors, bid them use them well,

[*Exit servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio,*
Biondello following.]

We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selves.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And everie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love, 130
What dowrie shall I have with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood,¹ be it that she survive me ¹ *jointure*
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever, ² *special deeds*
Let specialties² be therefore drawne betweene us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

113. *Pisa by report*,: *Pisa*; by report—Rowe.

128. *solie*: solely—Rowe.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her love: for that is all in all. 140

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some unhappie words. 150

Pet. I to the prooffe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Musitian?

Hor. I thinke she'l sooner prove a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes. 160

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a most impatient divellish spirit)
Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:
And with that word she stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,

152. *shakes*: shake-2-4F.

As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute, 170
 While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
 And twangling Jacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,
 As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,
 I love her ten times more then ere I did,
 Oh how I long to have some chat with her.

Bap. Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.
 Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,
 She's apt to learne, and thankfull for good turnes:
 Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us, 180
 Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
 And woo her with some spirit when she comes,
 Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
 She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
 Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere
 As morning Roses newly washt with dew:
 Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,
 Then Ile commend her volubility, 190
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
 If she do bid me packe, Ile give her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
 If she denie to wed, Ile crave the day
 When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.
 But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well have you heard, but something hard of
 hearing: 200

They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

183. *Ile*: I will—Rowe.

195. *banes*: banns—JOHNSON.

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
 And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
 But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*,
 For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
 Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,
 Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in every Towne,
 Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, 210
 My selfe am moov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mov'd, in good time, let him that mov'd you
 hether
 Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
 You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable?

Kat. A joyn'd stoole.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you.

Kate. No such Jade as you, if me you meane. 221

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
 For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,
 And yet as heave as my waight should be.

Pet. Shold be, should: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too
 angrie. 231

Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare
his sting? In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whose tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile. 240

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie. *she strikes him*

Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

Kate. So may you loose your armes,
If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe? 248

Pet. A comblesse Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a craven

Pet. Nay come *Kate*, come: you must not looke so
sowre.

Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not
sowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one. 260

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I finde report a very liar: 269
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a sconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:
But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh sland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels: 280
Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a Grove
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,
And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petr. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.

Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Pet. Am I not wise? 290

Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.

Pet. Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,

272. *a sconce*: askance—CAPELL.

280. *then*: than (then)—Q 2-4F.

For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
 Thou must be married to no man but me, 300

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
 And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
 Conformable as other household *Kates*:
 Heere comes your father, never make deniall,
 I must, and will have *Katherine* to my wife.

Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my daughter? |

Pet. How but well sir? how but well?
 It were impossible I should speed amisse.

Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your dumps? | 310

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
 You have shewd a tender fatherly regard,
 To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
 A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jacke,
 That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amisse of her:
 If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
 For shee's not froward, but modest as the Dove,
 Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne, 320
 For patience shee will prove a second *Grissell*,
 And Romane *Lucrece* for her chastitie:
 And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
 That upon sonday is the wedding day.

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first.

Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd first. |

301. *Trayno: Tranio-Q.*

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then godnight our part. |

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twaine being alone, 330
That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you 'tis incredible to beleve
How much she loves me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
Shee vi'd¹ so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her love.

Oh you are novices, 'tis a world to see ¹ *challenged*
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke² wretch can make the curstest shrew:

Give me thy hand *Kate*, I will unto *Venice* 340
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day; ² *timorous*

Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your hands, |

God send you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday. 350

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up so sodainly?

Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for, 360
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.

Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.

Gre. Yongling thou canst not love so deare as I.

Tra. Gray-beard thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil compound this
strife |

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both 370
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my *Biancas* love.

Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapestry: ¹ counterpanes
In Ivory cofers I have stufte my crownes:
In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,¹
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies, 380
Fine Linnen, Turkey cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.

• 357. *me*: in-2Rowx.

383 *belongs*: belong-Rowx.

382 *Vallens*: Valance-Porr.

385. *pale*: pail-2-4F.

My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
 And if I die to morrow this is hers,
 If whil't I live she will be onely mine. 390

Tra. That only came well in: sir, list to me,
 I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 Ile leave her houses three or foure as good
 Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
 Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
 Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
 Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her joynter.
 What, have I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
 My Land amounts not to so much in all: 401
 That she shall have, besides an Argosie
 That now is lying in Marcellus roade: ¹ *large galleys*
 What, have I choakt you with an Argosie?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
 Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses ¹
 And twelve tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
 And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

Gre. Nay, I have offred all, I have nō more,
 And she can have no more then all I have, 410
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
 By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
 And let your father make her the assurance,
 Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me:
 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavill: he is olde, I young.

Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd, 420
 On sonday next, you know
 My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
 Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*
 Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
 If not, to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leave, and thanke you both. *Exit.*

Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
 Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
 To give thee all, and in his wayning age
 Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy, 430
 An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
 Yet I have fce'd it with a card of ten:
 'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
 I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
 Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
 And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
 Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
 A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning.
Exit. |

Actus Tertia.

[Scene i. *Padua. Baptista's house.*]

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,
 Have you so soone forgot the entertainment
 Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
 The patronesse of heavenly harmony:
 Then give me leave to have prerogative,

420-1. 2 ll. ending gentlemen, know—CAPELL.

And when in Musicke we have spent an houre,
Your Lecture shall have leisure for as much. 10

Luc. Preposterous Asse that never read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the minde of man
After his studies, or his usuall paine?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braves of thine.

Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching¹ scholler in the schooles, 20
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hort. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be never, tune your instrument.

Bian. Where lest we last? ¹ liable to be whipped

Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est sigeria
tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.* 30

Bian. Conster them.

Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, sonne unto Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeria tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune.

21. *pointed*: 'pointed—HANMER.

28. *lest*: left—Q. 2-4F.

29. *bie*: hic—4F.

29-30. 3 ll. ending Madam, tellus, senis—2Rowe.

29, 33, 42. *sigeria*: Sigeia—2-4F. 31, 41. *conster*: construe—4F.

Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble jarres.

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe. 40

Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat simois*, I know you not, *hic est sigeria tellus*, I trust you not, *hic staterat priami*, take heede he heare us not, *regia* presume not, *Celsa senis*, despaire not.

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.

Luc. [*Hort. Aside*] How fiery and forward our Pedant is,

Now for my life the knave doth court my love,

Pedascule,¹ Ile watch you better yet: ¹ *pedant* 50

[*Bian.*] In time I may beleeeve, yet I mistrust.

Bian. [*Luc.*] Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides* Was *Ajax* cald so from his grandfather.

Hort. [*Bian.*] I must beleeeve my master, else I promise you,

I should be arguing still upon that doubt,

But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:

Good master take it not unkindly pray

That I have beene thus pleasant with you both.

Hort. You may go walk, and give me leave a while, My Lessons make no musicke in three parts. 60

Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite

[*Aside*] And watch withall, for but I be deceiv'd, Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before^e you touch the instrument, To learne the order of my fingering, I must begin with rudiments of Art, To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort, More pleasant, pithy, and effectuell,

43. *staterat*: *steterat*-2-4F.

57. *master*: *masters*-2Rowz.

67. *gamuth*: *gamut*-Rowz.

Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne. 70

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.

Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [*Reads*] *Gamouth* I am, the ground of all
accord: |

Are, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion:

Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord

Cfaut, that loves with all affection:

D solre, one Cliffe, two notes have I,

Elami, show pittie or I die.

Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,

Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice! 80

To charge true rules for old inventions. ¹ *foolish*

Enter a Messenger [Servant].

Nicke. [*Serv.*] Mistresse, your father prayes you leave
your books, |

And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber up,

You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

[*Exeunt Bianca and Servant.*]

Buc. Faith Mistresse then I have no cause to stay.

[*Exit.*]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant,

Methinkes he lookes as though he were in love:

Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble 90

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale:

Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

71, 72, 73, 79. *gamouth*: gamut-Rowe. 74. *Are*: A re-Q.

75. *Beeme*: B mi-POPE.

76. *Cfaut*: C fa ut-Q.

77. *D solre*: D sol re-Q. 3-4F. *Cliffe*: clef-CAMBRIDGE.

78. *Elami*: E la mi-Q.

[Scene ii. *Padua. Before Baptista's house.*]

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca,
[Lucentio,] and o- | thers, attendants.*

Bap. [*To Tranio*] Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day |

That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart 11
Unto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet never meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*, 20
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Upon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What ever fortune staves him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

3. *pointed*: 'pointed—Popp.

17. *points*: 'point—Popp.

18. *friends*: *feasts*—2Dyce. *invite*, *and*: *invite friends*, *and*
—2Dyce. *banes*: *banns* JOHNSON. 19. *meanes*: *means*—Q.2-4F.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had never seen him though.

Exit weeping [followed by Bianca and others].

Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an injurie would vex a very saint, 31
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you
never heard of,

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio's*
comming? |

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no sir.

Bap. What then? 40

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and
an old jerkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a
paire of bootes that have beene candle-cases, one buck-
led, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the
Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with
two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mo-
thy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides possest
with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, trou-
bled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full
of Windegalls, sped with Spavins, raied with the Yel-
lowes, past cure of the Fives, starke spoyl'd with the
Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe,
and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a

34. newes, and: news, old news, and—CAPELL.

37. be d: hear—Q. 2-4F.

56. Waid: awayed—HAMMER.

halfe-cheekt Bitte, & a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthred. 63

Bap. Who comes with him? ¹ *stocking*

Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock¹ on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion, Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd. 72

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his backe. |

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many. 81

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

^{38.} *halfe-cheekt*: half-cheeked—2 SINGER.

80-1. 5 ll. ending *Jamy*, penny, man, one, many—COLLIER.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne, go
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or unusuall prodigie?

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so unprovided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festivall.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, 100
And sent you hither so unlike your selfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine. 110

Petr. Not I, beleeve me, thus Ile visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Petr. Good sooth even thus: therefore ha done with
words, |

To me she's married, not unto my cloathes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,

87. new l. at As-Capell.

When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And, seale the title with a lovely kisse. *Exit.* 120

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and see the event of this. *Exit.*

[*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio and attendants.*]

Tra. But sir, Love concerneth us to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vincentio of Pisa*, 130
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I have promised,
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into, 140
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'll over-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

125. *str.* to her—GRANT WHITE. 127. *As before:* As I before—POPE.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groomer indeed,
A grumling groomer, and that the girl shall finde. 151

Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why hee's a devill, a devill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a devill, a devill, the devils damme.

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Dove, a foole to him:

Ile tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest

Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,

I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,

That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,

And as he stoop'd againe to take it up, 160

This mad-brain'd bridegroomer tooke him such a cuffe,

That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,

Now take them up quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboard carousing to his Mates after a storme, quast off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face: having no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a clamorous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marriage never was before: harke, harke, I heare the minstrels play.

Musicke plays.

151. *grumling*: grumbling-2-4F.

165-78. 7 five-accent ll., 1 three-accent l. ending reason, 8 five-accent ll., 1 four-accent l. ending play-STEVENS (1793).

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.
[Grumio and Train.]*

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day, 181
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thanke you all,
That have beheld me give away my selfe 190
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gra. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay? 200

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now if you love me stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my horse.

Gra. I sir, they be ready, the Oates have eaten the
horses.

Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,

196. *Gra.*: *Gre* -2-4F.

The dore is open sir, there lies your way, 210
 You may be jogging whiles your bootes are greene; ¹
 For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groome, ¹ *fresh*
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
 Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. I marry sir, now it begins to worke.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
 I see a woman may be made a foole 220
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
 Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
 Goe to the feast, revell and domineere,
 Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
 Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selves:
 But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:
 Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,
 I will be master of what is mine owne,
 Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house, 230
 My houshold-stuffe, my field, my barne,
 My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
 And heere she stands, touch her who ever dare,
 Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
 Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeves,
 Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:
 Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
 Ile buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*

[*and Gru.*]

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing. | 241

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Mistressse, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bridegroom wants |

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast:

Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,

And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome. 250

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Grumio.

Exeunt.

[Act IV. Scene i. *Petruchio's country house.*]

Gru.: Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Masters, & all foule waies: was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raide? ¹ was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the rooffe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*. ¹ soiled 11

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no

* *Enter Grumio*: shifted to after [Act IV., etc.]—PORZ.

4. raide: rayed(ray'd)—JOHNSON.

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good
Curtis.

Cur. Is my master and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no
water. 20

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou
know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it
hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistris, and my
selfe fellow *Curtis*.

Gru. [*Cur*.] Away you three inch foole, I am no
beast. |

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot
and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire,
or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand
(she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy
cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office. 31

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the
world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in every office but thine, &
therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy dutie, for my
Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio*
the newes.

Gru. Why Jacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as
wilt thou. ^{1 cheating} 40

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.¹

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme
cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house
trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen
in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every offi-
cer his wedding garment on? Be the Jackes faire with-

40. wilt thou: will thaw—GLOBE.

45. the white: their white—3-4F.

in, the Gills faire without, the Carpets laide, and everie thing in order?

Cur. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gr. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistress false out. *Cur.* How? 51

Gr. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gr. Lend thine care.

Cur. Heere.

Gr. There. [Strikes him.]

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gr. And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech listening: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistress. 62

Cur. Both of one horse?

Gr. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

Gr. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fel, and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that never prai'd before: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou returne unexperienc'd to thy grave. 76

Cur. By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

Gr. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall

57. *Cur.* How: separate l.—4F. 58. *This 'tis:* This is—2Rowe.

61. *Inprimis:* Imprimis—4F.

finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nataniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Su- | gersop* and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd, | their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indiffe- | rent knit, let them curtsie with their left legges, and not | presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile, till | they kisse their handis. Are they all readie? | 85

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister to countenance my mistris.

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne. 90

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it seemes, that cals for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or five servingmen.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Jos. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*. 100

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate? ¹ *God's*

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master?

Gru. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not——Cockes ¹ passion, silence, I heare my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What no man at doore
To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse? 110
Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Phillip*.

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.
You logger-headed and unpollisht groomes:
What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee? 120

Grumio. *Nathaniels* coate sir was not fully made,
And *Gabrels* pumpes were all unpinkt¹ i'th heele:
There was no Linke² to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly, ¹*without eyelets*
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*
[*Singing*] Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*, 130
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

² *pitch torch*

Enter servants with supper.

Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?

[*Sings*] *It was the Friar of Orders gray,*
As he forth walked on his way.

^{125.} *Rafe:* Ralph-Rowe.

130-1. 2 ll. ending welcome, soud-CAPELL.

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

[*Strikes him.*]

Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

140

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, & welcome heartily:
you horson villaine, will you let it fall? [*Strikes him.*]

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave:

Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you have a stomacke,
Will you give thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?

What's this, Mutton?

151

1. Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:

What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?

How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*]

You heedlesse jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves. 160

What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,

OF THE SHREW

[IV. i. 176-200]

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
 Since of our selves, our selves are chollericke,
 Then feede it with such over-rosted flesh:
 Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended, 170
 And for this night we'l fast for companie.
 Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter didst ever see the like.

Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.

Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Servant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermop of continencie to her, and railes, and swears, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither. [*Exeunt.*] 182

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickely begun my reigne,
 And 'tis my hope to end successefully: ¹ *decoy*
 My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
 And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd, ² *tame*
 For then she never lookes upon her lure. ¹ ³ *wild hawk*
 Another way I have to man ² my Haggard, ³
 To make her come, and know her Keepers call: 190
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
 That baite, ⁴ and beate, and will not be obedient:
 She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate. ⁴ *flutter*

179-82. *and railes, etc.*: 4 five-accent ll.—Pom.

Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
 As with the meate, some undeserved fault
 Ile finde about the making of the bed,
 And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulder,
 This way the Coverlet, another way the sheets:
 I, and amid this hurle I intend,¹ ^{1 pretend}
 That all is done in reverend care of her 200
 And in conclusion, she shal watch all night,
 And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
 And with the clamor keepe her stil awake:
 This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,
 And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor:
 He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. Exit

[Scene ii. Padua. Before Baptista's house.]

Enter Tranio and Hortensio:

Tra. Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that mistress *Bianca*
 Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*?
 I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

Luc. [*Hor.*] Sir, to satisfie you in what I have said,
 Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca [and Lucentio].

Hor. Now Mistress, profit you in what you reade?

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolve me that?

Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to love. 10

Bian. And may you prove sir Master of your Art.

Luc. While you sweet deere ptove Mistresse of my
 heart.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray

12. *ptove*: prove-Q.2-4F.

you that durst sweare that your mistress *Bianca*
 Lov'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh despightful Love, unconstant womankind,
 I tel thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,
 Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee, 20
 But one that is borne to live in this disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,
 And makes a God of such a Cullion; ¹ *base fellow*
 Know sir, that I am cal'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
 Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
 And since mine eyes are witnessse of her lightnesse,
 I wil with you, if you be so contented,
 Forsweare *Bianca*, and her love for ever.

Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
 Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow 31
 Never ro woo her more, but do forswear her
 As one unworthie all the former favours
 That I have fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like unfained oath,
 Never to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
 Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
 For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
 I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow, 40
 Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lov'd me,
 As I have lov'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
 And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,
 Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
 Shal win my love, and so I take my leave,
 In resolution, as I swore before. [Exit.]

15. *verse-Q.*

32. *ro:* to-Q. 2-4F.

16. *me:* none-Rowe.

34. *them:* her-3-4F.

Tra. Mistris *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
 As longeth to a Lovers blessed case:
 Nay, I have tane you napping gentle Love,
 And have forsworne you with *Hortensio*. 50

Bian. *Tranio* you jest, but have you both forsworne mee?

Tra. Mistris we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Lisio*.

Tra. I'faith hee'l have a lustie Widdow now,
 That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He sayes so *Tranio*.

Tra. Faith he is gone unto the taming schoole. 60

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tra. I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,
 That teacheth trickes eleven and twentie long,
 To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, master I have watcht so long,
 That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
 An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
 Wil serve the turne.

Tra. What is he *Biondello*? 70

Bio. Master, a Marcantant,¹ or a pedant,
 I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
 In gate and countenance surely like a Father.

Luc. And what of him *Tranio*? ¹ merchant

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
 Ile make him glad to seeme *Vincentio*.

48. *longeth*: 'longeth—HANMER.

71. *Marcantant*: mercatante—CAPELL.

73. *countenance*: countenance—Q.2-4F.

And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*.

As if he were the right *Vincentio*.

Par. Take me your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Enter a Pedant.

80

Ped. God sa^{ve} you sir.

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Travaile you farre-on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then up farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life. 90

Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis mervaille, but that you are but newly come,
you might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I have bills for monie by exchange 100
From Florence, and must heere deliver them.

Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
This wil I do, and this I wil advise you,
First tell me, have you ever beene at Pisa?

Ped. I sir, in Pisa have I often bin,
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

79. *Par.*: out-2-4F. me: in-THEOBALD.

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say, '110
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*Aside*] As much as an apple doth an oyster,
& all one. |

Tra. To save your life in this extremitie,
This favor wil I do you for his sake
And thinke it not the worst of all y^{ur} fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credite shal you undertake,
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take upon you as you should,
you understand me sir: so shal you stay 120
Til you have done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh sir I do, and wil repute you ever
The patron of my life and libertie.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you understand, ¹ *legal settlement*
My father is heere look'd for everie day,
To passe assurance ¹ of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptistas* daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you, 130
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

[Scene iii. *A room in Petruchio's house.*]

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

1. *Actus Quartus. Scena Prima: out—STEVENS.*

What, did he marrie me to famish me?
 Begg^{ers} that come unto my fathers doore,
 Upon intreatie have a present almes,
 If not, elsewhere they meeete with charitie:
 But I, who never knew how to intreat,
 Nor never needed that I should intreate, 10
 Am starv'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
 With oathes kept vaking, and with brawling fed,
 And that which s^e ghts me more then all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love:
 As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate
 'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
 I prethee go, and get me some repast,
 I care not what, so it be holosome soode.

Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?

Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me have it.

Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate. 21

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.

What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?

Kate. A dish that I do love to feede upon.

Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then I wil nor, you shal have the Mustard
 Or else you get no beefe of Grumio. 30

Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.

Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
Beats him.

That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.

Sorrow on thee, and all the packe os you

17. ^{and}: and-Q.2-4F.

18. ^{soode}: food-Q.2-4F.

36. ^{os}: of-Q.2-4F.

That triumph thus upon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweetening all a-
mort? ¹ | 40

Hor. Mistris, what cheere? 1 dejected

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Plucke up thy spirits, looke cheerfully upon me.
Heere Love, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankses.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no prooffe.
Heere take away this dish.

Kate. I pray you let it stand. 50

Pet. The poorest service is repaide with thankses,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thanke you sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, sic you are too blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.

Petr. [*Aside*] Eate it up all *Hortensio*, if thou lovest
mee: |

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart:

Kate eate apace; and now my honic Love,

Will we returne unto thy Fathers house,

And revell it as bravely as the best, 60

With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,

With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:

With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brav'ry,

With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knav'ry.

What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leisure,

To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Conte^e Tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir? 70

Fel. [Hab.] Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake. | 75

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Velvet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

Kate. Ile have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then. 80

Hor. [Aside] That will not be in hast.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may have leave to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters have indur'd me say my minde,
And If you cannot, best you stop your eares,
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap, 90
A custard coffen,¹ a bauble, a silken pie,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Trust of custard [Exit Haberdasher.]

90. is: is a-Q₂ 2-4F.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let us see't.
 Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
 Whats this? a sleeve? 'tis like demi cannon,
 What, up and downe carv'd like an apple Tart?
 Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
 Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe: 100
 Why what a devils name Tailor cal'st thou this?

Hor. [*Aside*] I see shees like to have neither cap nor gowne.

Tai. You bid me make it orderli^y and well,
 According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
 I did not bid you marre it to the time.
 Go hop me over every kennell home,
 For you shall hop without my custome sir:
 Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gowne, 110
 More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
 Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

Tail. She saies your Worship-meanes to make a
 puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
 Thou lvest, thou thred, thou thimble,
 Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
 Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
 Brav'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred: 120
 Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
 Or I shall so be-mete¹ thee with thy yard, ¹ *measure*
 As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liv'st:
 I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worship is deceiv'd, ~~the~~ gowne is made

97. *like*: like a-2-4F.
 116-17. *pruce*-CAPELL.

101. *a*: 1'-CAMBRIDGE.

Just as my master had direction:

Grunjo gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuffe.

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred. 130

Tail. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tail. I have

Gru. Face n. mee: thou hast brav'd manie men, brave not me; I w^al neither bee fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.

Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Reade it.

Gru. The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.

Tail. [*Reads*] Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne. 141

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot-tome of browne thred: I said a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tai. [*Reads*] With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confesse the cape.

Tai. [*Reads*] With a trunke sleeve.

Gru. I confesse two sleeves.

Tai: [*Reads*] The sleeves curiously cut. 150

Pet. I there's the villanie.

Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up againe, and that Ile prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

Grü. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meat-yard,¹ and spare not me. 159

Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee shall have no oddes. ^{1 measuring wand}

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Grü. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy masters use.

Grü. Villaine, not for thy life: Take up my Mistresse gowne for thy masters use.

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Grü. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for: Take up my Mistris gowne to his masters use.

Oh fie, fie, fie. 170

Pet. [*Aside*] *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide: |

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow, Take no unkindnesse of his hastie words:

Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tail.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your fathers, Even in these honest meane habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:

For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.

And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth² in the meanest habit. 181

What is the Jay more precious then the Lark?

Because his feathers are more beautifull. ^{2 appeareth}

Or is the Adder better then the Eele,

Because his painted skin contents the eye.

Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse

For this poore furniture, and meane array.

If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me.

And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy fathers house, 190

Go call my men, and let us straight to him,
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
 There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
 Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seven a clocke,
 And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
 And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shal be seven ere I go to horse:
 Looke what I make, or do, or thinke to doe,
 You are still crossing it, sirs let't alone, 200
 I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
 It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Hor. [*Aside*] Why so this gallant will command
 the sunne. | [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene iv. Padua. Before Baptista's house.]

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceived,
 Signior *Baptista* may remember me
 Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
 Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
 With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,
 Twere good he were school'd. 11

Tra. Feare you not him: sirra *Biondello*,

194, 202. *And*—THEOBALD. 195 *And*: *And-Q.2-4F.*
 2. *Sirs*: *Sir*—THEOBALD. 6. *Tra.*: shifted to next l.—THEOBALD.
 8. *longeth*: 'longeth—HAMMER.

Now doe your dutie throughlie I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.

Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.

Tra. Th'art a tall ¹ fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes *Baptista*: set your countenance sir. 20
¹ fine

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted
and bare headed.*

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met:
[*To the Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son: sir by your leave, having com to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighly cause
Of love betweene your daughter and himselfe: 30
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To have him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I, upon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed:
For curious ² I cannot be with you ² punctilious
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well. 40
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,

19. *Tb'art*: *Thou'rt*—CAPELL.

21-2. *Pedant booted and bare headed*: out—*ROWE*.

27. *Soft son*: separate l.—*HANMER*.

Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:

Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here

Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,

Or both dissemble deepely their affections:

And therefore if you say no more then this,

That like a Father you will deale with him,

And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,

The match is made, and all is done,

Your sonne shall have my daughter with consent. 50

Tra. I thank you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied¹ and such assurance tane, ¹ *betrothed*
As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know

Pitchers have eares, and I have manic servants,

Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,

And happilie² we might be interrupted. ² *perhaps*

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,

There doth my father lie: and there this night

Weele passe the businesse privately and well: 60

Send for your daughter by your servant here,

My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presentlie,

The worst is this that at so slender warning,

You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:

Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie
straight:

And if you will tell what hath hapned,

Lucentios Father is arrived in *Padua*,

And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife. 70

Biond. I praie the gods she may withall my heart.

Exit [Biond.].

Tran. Dallye not with the gods, but get thee gone.

59. *and*: an-POPE.

65-7. 2 five-accent ll.—STEVENS.

66. *Cambio*: *Blondello*—GLOBE. 68. *hapned*: happened—CAPELL.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way,
Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you.

Exeunt

[*Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista*].

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

80

Luc. What saist thou *Biondello*.

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh upon
you?

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde
to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and to-
kens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the
deceiving Father of a deceitfull sonne: 90

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the
supper.

Luc. And then.

Bio. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your
command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a
counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *Cum*
privilegio ad Impremendum solem, to th' Church take the
Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses: 101

74. *Enter Peter: out—THEOBALD.*

100. *privilegio: privilegium—2-4F. Impremendum solem: imprimendum solum—2-4F.*

If this be not that you looke fot, I have no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*.

Biondello I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an
afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley to
stuffle a Rabbit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my
Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid
the Priest be readie to come against you come with your
appendix. *Exit.* 110

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It shall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*

[Scene v. *A public road.*]

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio [and Servants]

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our
fathers:

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight
now.

Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list, 10
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses hacke againe,
Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall never goe.

Kate. Forward I pray, since we have come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:

And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moone.

Kate. I know it is the Moone. 20

Petr. Nay thou you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.

Kate. Then God be blest, it in the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not,
And the Moone changes even as your minde:
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.

Hort. *Petrucchio*, goe thy waies, the field is won.

Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should
run,

And not unluckily against the Bias:

But soft, Company is comming here. 30

Enter Vincentio.

[*To Vincentio*] Good morrow gentle Mistris, where
away: |

Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heaven with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Faire lovely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman
of him. 41

Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;

17. *And*: *AN-COLLIER*. 21. *thou*: *then*-Q.2-4F. 22. *in*: *is*-2-4F.
40. *the*: *a*-2-4F. 43. *whether is*: *where is*-2-4F.

Happier the man whom favourable stars
A lcts thee for his lovely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eies, 50
That have bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That every thing I looke on seemeth greene:
Now I perceive thou art a reverent Father:
Pardon I pray tì ee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandsire, & withall make known
Which way thou travellest, if along with us,
We shall be joyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amasde me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*, 60
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I have not scene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vinc. *Lucentio* gentle sir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:
And now by Law, as well as reverent age,
I may intitle thee my loving Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, she is of good esteeme, 70
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may besecme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arrivall be full joyous.

46. *A lct*: Allot-Pors.

59. *amasde*: amazed (*amaz'd*)-4F.

Vinc. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travailors to breake a Jest
Upon the companie you overtake?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is. 80

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. *Exeunt*
[all but *Hortensio*].

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Have to my Widdow, and if she froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be intoward. *Exit.*

[Act V. Scene i. Before *Lucentio's house*.]

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio
is out before.

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chance to neede
thee at home, therefore leave us. *Exit.*

Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe,
and then come backe to my mistress as soone as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.*]

Gre. I marvaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio
with Attendants.

10

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leave you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward. *Knock.*

24. she: she be-2-4F.

6. at o'-Rowe.

1. Bianca: Bianca-Q-2-4F.

7. mistress: master's-CAPELL.

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate? 21

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee shall neede none so long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloved in *Padua*: doe you heare sir, to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with him. 32

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleeeve her.

Petr. [*To Vincentio*] Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna- | verie to take upon you another mans name. |

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeeve a meanes to cosen some bodie in this Citie under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

41

Bio. I have seene them in the Church together, God send 'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Master *Vincentio*: now wee are undone and brought to nothing. ^{1 one who deserves hanging}

Vin. [*Seeing Biondello*] Come hither crackhempe. ¹

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

44. *brougb:* brought-Q.2-4F.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life. 51

Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou never see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*?

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes marie sir see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Ist so indeede. *He beates Biondel's.*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me. [Exit.]

Pedan. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista*.

[Exit from above.]

Petr. Pree the *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of this controversie. [They retire.] 61

Enter Pedant with servants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my servant?

Vinc. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortal Goddes: oh fine villaine, a silken doubtlet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine¹ hat: oh I am undone, I am undone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my servant spend all at the universitie. ¹ high-crowned 70

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

53. *Mistris*: Master's-2-4F. 66. *doubtlet*: doublet-2-4F
74 cernes: 'cerns-COLLIER.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do you thinke is his name? 80

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three yecres old, and his name is *Tronio*.

Ped. Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onelic sonne and heire to the Lands of me signior *Vincentio*. 1

Ven. *Lucentio*: oh he hath mured his Master; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son *Lucentio*? 90

Tra. Call forth an officer: [*Enter one with an officer.*] Carrie this mad knave to | the Jaile: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that hee be | forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie me to the Jaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I saie he shall goe to prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, least you be conicatcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right *Vincentio*. 100

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lucentio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Jaile with him.

83. *Tronio*: *Tranio*-2-4F.

87. *Ven.*: *Vin.*-Q. 2-4F.

96. *Talke*: *Tell*-Q. 2-4F.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Biancu.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forswear him, or else we are all undone. 111

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*

Vin. Lives my sweete sonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio*,
1 tricks

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes¹ bleer'd thine eine. 120

Gre. Here's packing² with a wisse to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braved me in this matter so? ² plotting

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Biancas* love
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my blisse: 130

What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would have sent me to the jaile.

Bap. But doe you heare sir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

107. *Biancu*: *Bianca*-Q.2-4F.

108-9. *ob ... villaine*: separate l.-STEEVENS.

115-18. 3 ll. ending offended. Here's *Lucentio*, *Vincentio*-
CAPELL.

124. *Bap.*: *Bap.*-Q.2-4F.

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to:
but I will in to be reveng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knaverie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown.

Exeunt [*Lucentio and Bianca*]. 141

Gre. My cake is doug, but Ile in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*]

Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What a t thou asham'd of me?

Kate. Mo sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's
awaie. 150

Kate. Nay, I will give thee a kisse, now praie thee
Love staie.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*.
Better once then uever, for never to late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

[Scene ii. *Padua. Lucentio's house.*]

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio,
and Bianca. [Petruchio, Katharina,] Tranio,
Biondello Grumio, [Hortensio,] and Widdow: |

The Servingmen with Tranio bringing
in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils overblowne:

142. *d* -g, *about*: dough; but-Q.2-4F. 148. *Mo*: No-2-4F.

154. *uever*: never-Q.2-4F. 1. *Actus Quintus*: out-STEVENS.

7. *come*: done-Rowe.

My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
 While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine: 10
 Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,
 And thou *Hortentio* with thy loving *Widdow*:
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
 My Banket is to close our stomakes up
 After our great good cheere: praie you sit downe,
 For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petruchio*.

Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde. 19

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Petr. Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widow.

Wid. Then never trust me if I be affeard.

Petr. You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my
 sence:

I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.

Petr. Roundlie replied.

Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him. 29

Petr. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?

Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceives her tale.

Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good
 Widdow.

Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
 I praie you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
 And now you know my meaning.

Kate. A verie meane meaning.

Wid. Right, I meane you. 40

Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.

Petr. To her *Kate*.

Hor. To her *Widdow*.

Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinkee to Hortentio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?

Gre. Beleeve me sir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie, 50
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

Win. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe.

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you have begun:
Have at you for a better jest or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.

You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca

[Katbarina and Widow].

Petr. She hath prevented me, here signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not, 61
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

Petr. A good swift¹ simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:

'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.

Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*. 69

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse: ¹ witty

56. better: bitter—CAPELL.

63. *Tri.*: *Tra.*—Q. 2-4F.

68. *Ob, ob*: O HO—CAPELL.

And as the Jest did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose. 80

Hort. Content, what's the wager?

Luc. Twentie crownes.

Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Petr. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I. 90

Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.

Bio. Igoe. *Exit.*

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. Ile have no halves: Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?

Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come.

Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that
an answer? 100

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praise God sir your wife send you not a worse.

76. *sir: for-2-4F.* 99-101. 2 ll. ending come, too-Rowz.

OF THE SHREW

[V. ii. 85-107]

Petr. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Exit. Bion.

Petr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes come.

Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

109

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She saie; you have some goodly Jest in hand, She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,

Say I command her come to me. *Exit [Grumio].*

Hor. I know her answer.

Petr. What?

Hor. She will not.

119

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina*.

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?

Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

[*Exit Katbarina.*]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads. 130

104-10. 5 ll. ending wife, her, sir, entreated, wife—CAPELL.

113-14. 2 five-accent ll.—STEEVENS.

Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremicie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Unto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had never bin.

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience, 140
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

Katherine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it underfoote.

Wid. Lord let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too: 150
The wisdom of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

Pet. *Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong
women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and hus-
bands.

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not. 160

146. *bable*: bauble-Rowe.

154-6. a five-accent ll.-2Rowe.

152. *five*: an-Rowe.

157. *your*: you're-3-4F.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, unknot that thretaning unkinde brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, in seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie 170
Will daigne to si^r, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soveraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt. 180

Such dutie as the subject owes the Prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebelle,
And gracelesse Traitor to her loving Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey. 190
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Unapt to toyle and trouble in the world,

174. *maintenance.* *Commits:* maintenance commits—CAMBRIDGE.

But that our soft conditions,¹ and our harts, ¹ *qualities*
 Should well agree with our externall parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable wormes,
 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
 To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
 But now I see our Launces are but strawes: 199
 Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vale ² your stomackes,³ for it is no boote,⁴
 And place your hands below your husbands foote:
 In token of which dutie, if he please,
 My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee
Kate. ² *lower* ³ *pride* ⁴ *use*

Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,

Pet. Come *Kate*, weec'le to bed, 211

We three are married, but you tWo are sped.

[*To Luc.*] 'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit
 the white, |

And being a winner, God give you good night.

Exit Petruchio [and Katbarina]

Horten. Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst
 Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tam'd so.

[*Exeunt.*]

211. weec'le: we 'll-3F.

217. Shrow: shrew-Rowe.

FINIS.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

First printed in First Folio, 1623

All's Well A

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE title of 'All's Well that Ends Well' might be regarded as ironical in our own times, so heavy and so bitter are the experiences gone through before the ~~convincing~~ thought it expresses can apply to at least one character. The comedy is a comedy in the modern sense only by virtue of a forcedly happy ending and the presence of minor comic scenes.

Helena, a ward of the Countess of Roussillon, is in love with the countess's son, Bertram, who, however, does not requite her affection, despite his mother's approval.

The King of France suffers from a severe disease. In Act II Helena obtains audience with him, and effects a cure for his malady; whereupon the grateful monarch fulfils a promise made at the outset, that he shall give her as husband one of his gentlemen at court. Helena chooses Bertram, who weds her unwillingly and departs immediately for the Florentine war.

In Act III Bertram writes his mother that he renounces his property and will not recognize Helena as his wife until she can obtain a ring from his finger and become with child by him—to which he adds a 'never.' The forsorn Helena leaves Roussillon secretly, not wishing to keep his estate. At Florence she chances to learn of him through a widow, whose daughter he had wooed with dishonourable intention.

All's Well C

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Helena makes use of this situation to work out the conditions of Bertram's letter. In Act IV she plays the part of the widow's daughter and has an assignation with him. The ring is also obtained.

In Act V Bertram, returned home, is on the point of another marriage—for Helena is believed to be dead—when the king is led to suspect foul play. At this juncture Helena appears upon the scene, to the general delight. She assures Bertram that both his conditions are met, and he willingly receives her as his wife.

SOURCES

The 'Decameron' of Boccaccio contains a similar story to this of 'All's Well.' Paynter translated it into English, in his 'Palace of Pleasure,' which appeared in 1566-7. The argument of the story there given shows unmistakably the source of Shakespeare's plot: 'Giletta, a phisician's daughter of Narbon, healed the Frenche kyng of a fistula, for reward whereof she demaunded Beltramo, counte of Rossiglione, to husbände. The counte, beyng married againste his will, for despite fled to Florence, and loved another. Giletta, his wife, by pollicie founde meanes to lye with her husbände, in place of his lover, and was begotten with child of two soonnes: whiche, knowen to her husbände, he received her againe, and afterwarde he lived in greate honor and felicitie.'

This, as we see above, is a close counterpart of the story of 'All's Well.' Shakespeare not only followed the outlines, but preserved two of Boccaccio's names, Bertram (Beltram), and Gerarde of Narbon. He changed the heroine's name, and added the characters of the countess, Parolles, the clown, and Lafew. The

INTRODUCTION

characters of both hero and heroine differ from the Italian. Giletta of the novel is wealthy, while Helena brings no claim except nobility of character. Bertram is given personal valour in the play only, and is generally different from his prototype.

Other characters and situations of the play show marked variations from the novel. Shakespeare was indebted to it for the leading thread of the story, but from this he evolved a play new in characterization, diction, and sentiment. Some of the unpleasant details of the plot he was under dramatic necessity to preserve; others he modified and softened. But the initial situation remained unaltered.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The total time consumed is about three months; that of the stage, eleven days, as follows: Day 1, Act I, scene i. Interval, Bertram's journey to court. Day 2, Act I, scenes ii and iii. Interval, Helena's journey thither. Day 3, Act II, scenes i and ii. Interval to allow for effect of cure. Day 4, Act II, scenes iii, iv, and v. Interval, Helena's return home. Day 5, Act III, scenes i and ii. Day 6, Act III, scenes iii and iv. Interval of perhaps two months. Day 7, Act III, scene v. Day 8, Act III, scenes vi and vii, Act IV, scenes i, ii, and iii. Day 9, Act IV, scene iv. Interval. Day 10, Act IV, scene v, Act V, scene i. Day 11, remainder of play.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The facts that there was no Quarto edition of this play and no specific reference to it, about the time of

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

its appearance, make its date uncertain. One conjectural allusion, however, cannot be disregarded. In 1598 Francis Meres mentioned several of Shakespeare's plays by name, an allusion which is made use of frequently in determining the dates of other plays. Among others, he mentioned 'Loves Labours Wonne,' and since there is no play now extant by that title, it has been thought to refer to 'The Tempest,' 'The Taming of the Shrew,' 'Much Adoe about Nothing,' or 'All's Well that Ends Well.' An inspection of these four plays seems to indicate the last play as that of 'Loves Labours Wonne,' for it clearly fits that plot more nearly than any of the others. There may also be an allusion to the title in the closing scene where Helena says:

"This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?"

The play was mentioned by Meres in connection with 'Loves Labour's Lost' and was evidently a companion piece. The original version would therefore belong somewhere between 1592 and 1598. But 'Loves Labour's Wonne' may be lost.

This slight evidence is rendered even more unsatisfactory by an examination of the text before us, which exhibits a commingling of early with mature style. Rhymed couplets and limited thought — a trait of early days — occur side by side with blank verse fairly overloaded with thought — a characteristic of mature years. 'All's Well' links itself with the early play 'Loves Labour's Lost' in its lyrical qualities, and in the reference to a French army officer as 'Dumain,' the same name being used in 'Loves Labour's Lost,' while it also looks forward to the later play 'Hamlet' in its philo-

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sophical veins, and in the advice given by the countess to Bertram, which reminds us of similar advice given in a similar situation by Polonius to Laertes. The early play 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' contains many hints of 'All's Well,' while at least three later plays have similar episodes: the prank played upon the boastful Parolles reminds us of Malvolio in 'Twelfth Night' and Falstaff in 'Henry IV'; the intrigue made use of by Helena is duplicated in 'Measure for Measure.'

The generally accepted opinion is that 'All's Well' was originally an early play, perhaps produced in 1593 or 1594 under the title of 'Loves Labour's Wonne,' and that it was revised some ten years later, the play as we now know it being a product of 1602-4.

EARLY EDITIONS

'All's Well that Ends Well' was first printed in the First Folio of 1623. It was marked in the 'Stationers' Register,' November 8, 1623, as not having previously been entered. It occupies twenty-five pages in the First Folio, from page 230 to page 254, among the comedies. It is divided into acts and scenes, but omits the *Dramatis Personæ*, which was first supplied by Rowe.

There is no record of the play's having been performed during Shakespeare's lifetime; and the Folio text seems printed not so much from a stage copy as from a hurriedly corrected author's copy. Succeeding editors have probably spent as much time upon this play as upon any other in endeavouring to clarify the reading, but some important passages remain obscure.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

LAFEU, *an old lord.*

PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram.*

Steward,

A Clown, } *servants to the Countess of Rousillon.*

A Page.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram.*

HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*

VIOLENTA,

MARIANA, } *neighbours and friends to the Widow.*

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*]

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL



Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

*Enter yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother
[the Countess of Rousillon], and | Helena, Lord La-
few, all in blacke. |*

Mother [Count.].

IN delivering my sonne from me, I burie a se-
cond husband.

Ros. [Ber.] And I in going Madam, weep ore my
fathers death anew; but I must attend his maje-
sties command, to whom I am now in Ward,¹ evermore
in subjection.

¹*guardianship* 10

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame,
you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good,
must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthi-
nesse would stirre it up where it wanted rather then lack
it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majesties amendment?

2. *Enter: Enter-2-4F. Rossillon: Rousillon, and so throughout-
Popz.*

3. *Lafew: Lafew, and so throughout-CAMBRIDGE*

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, under whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the processe, but onely the loosing of hope by time. 20

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortall, and death should have play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake he were living, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous sir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon*. 29

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to have liv'd stil, if knowledge could be set up against mortallitie.

Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fistula my Lord.

Ros. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*? 39

Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my over looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an uncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she derives her honestie, and atcheeves her goodnesse.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares. 49

20. loosing: losing-2-4F.

45. are: are-2-4F.

THAT ENDS WELL^o

[I. i. 55-87]

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrowes takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to have——

Hell. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive griefe the enimie to the living.

Mo. If the living be enimie to the griefe, the excesse makes it soone mortall. 60

Ros. Maddam⁴ desire your holie wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest *Bertrame*, and succeed thy father In manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Love all, trust a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enimie Rather in power then use: and keepe thy friend Under thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence, 69 But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more wil, That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord, 'Tis an unseason'd Courtier, good my Lord Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best That shall attend his love.

Mo. Heaven blesse him: Farwell *Bertram*. [*Exit.*]

Ro. [*To Helena*] The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts | be servants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your | Mistris, and make much of her. | 80

55. to have—: have it.—CAPELL.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafew.*]

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgott him. My imagination
Carries no favour in't but *Bertrams*.
I am undone, there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one, *
That I should love a bright particuler starre, 90
And think to wed it, he is so above me
In his bright radience and colaterall light,
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Must die for love. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him everie houre to sit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table:¹ heart oo capeable ^{1 tablet}
Of everie line and tricke of his sweet favour. 100
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrolles.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, solie a coward,
Yet these fixt evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
Cold wisdomes waighting on superfluous follie. 110
Par. Save you faire Queene.

106. *solie*: solely-3-4F.

109. *Lookes*: Look-Rowe.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you have some staine of souldier in you: Let mee aske you a question. Man is enimie to virginitie, how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out.

119

Hel. But he assailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some war-like resistance.

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Blesse our poore Virginity from underminers and blowers up. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow up men?

127

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne up: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selves made, you lose your City. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserve virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall encrease, and there was never Virgin goe, till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

139

Par. There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virgini-

123. *setting*: sitting-Johnson.

133. *gse*: got-a-4F.

tie murders it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very paying, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginitie is peevish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-love, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose hy't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

154

Hel. How might one do sir, to loose it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying: The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly suted,¹ but unsuteable, just like the brooch & the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet: ^{1 dressed}

There shall your Master have a thousand loves, 170
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddess, and a Sovereigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitoresse, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:

147. *paying*: *paring* (*pairing*-3-4F.)-*Rowe*.152. *two*: *ten*-*HANMER*.163. *were*: *wear*-*CAPELL*.

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. i. 186-214]

His jarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet:
 His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
 Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes
 That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he:
 I know not what he shall, God send him well, 180
 The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pittie.

Par. What's pittie?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
 Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
 Whose baser starres do shut us up in wishes,
 Might with effects of them follow our friends,
 And shew what we alone must thinke, which never
 Returnes us thanks. 190

Enter Page.

Pag. Monsieur *Parrolles*,
 My Lord calls for you. [Exit.]

Par. Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I
 will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur *Parolles*, you were borne under a
 charitable starre.

Par. Under *Mars* I.

Hel. I especially thinke, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*? 200

Hel. The warres hath so kept you under, that you
 must needes be borne under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away,

When feare proposes the safetie: 209
But the composition that your valour and feare makes
in you, is a vertue of a good wing,¹ and I like the
weare well. ¹*strong in flight*

Paroll. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answere
thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the
which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so
thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers counsell, and un-
derstand what advice shall thrust uppon thee, else thou
diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes
thee away, farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy
praiers: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends:
Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee:
So farewell. [Exit.] 222

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selves do lye,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated skye
Gives us free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designes, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so hye,
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To joyne like, likes; and kisse like native things. 230
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did misse her love?
(The Kings disease) my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. Exit

[Scene ii. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

Flourish Cornets.

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and
divers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoy*s are by th'cares,
Have fought with equall fortune, and continue
A braving warre.

1. *Lo. G.* So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receive it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us 10
For speedie ayde: wherein our deere friend
Prejudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To have us make deniall.

1. *Lo. G.* His love and wisdom
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave 20
To stand on either part.

2. *Lo. E.* It well may serve
A nurserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke
For breathing,¹ and exploit. ^{1 exercise}

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1. *Lor. G.* It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram*.

7, 14, 27. *G.*: out, and so throughout—Rowe.

22, 79. *E.*: out, and so throughout—Rowe.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
 Franke Nature rather curious then in hast 30
 Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
 Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Majesties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
 As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
 First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre
 Into the service of the time, and was
 Discipl'd of the bravest. He lasted long,
 But on us both did haggish Age steale on,
 And wore us out of act: It much repaires me 40
 To talke of your good father; in his youth
 He had the wit, which I can well observe
 To day in our yong Lords: but they may jest
 'Till their owne scorne returne to them unnoted
 Ere they can hide their levitie in honour:
 So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterness
 Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
 His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
 Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
 Exception bid him speake: and at this time 50
 His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
 He us'd as creatures of another place,
 Aud bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
 Making them proud of his humilitie,
 In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
 Might be a copie to these yonger times;
 Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
 But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance sir
 Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe: 60

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. ii. 50-76]

So in approufe¹ lives not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

¹ *approbation*

• *King.* Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plausive² words

He scatter'd not in cares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not live,

This his good melancholly oft began ² *plausible*

On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime

When it was out: Let me not live (quoth hee)

After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe 70

Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensive senses

All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Meese fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.

I after him, do after him wish too:

Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,

I quickly were dissolved from my hive

To give some Labourers roome.

L. 2. E. You'r loved Sir,

They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first. 80

Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?

He was much sam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest have worne me out
With severall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Majesty.

Exit 90

Flourish.

[Scene iii. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Maddam the care I have had to even¹ your content, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past endeavours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearnesse of our deservings, whenof our selves we publish them. ^{1 equal 8}

Coun. What doe's this knave heere? Get you gone: sirra: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all beleeve, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & have abilitie enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Coun. Well sir.

Clo. No maddam,

'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie of the rich are damn'd, but if I may have your Ladiships good will to goe to the world,² *Isbell* the woman and w will doe as we may. ^{2 get married 21}

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Coun. In what case?

Clo. In *Isbell's* case and mine owne: service is no heritage, and I thinke I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a my bodie: for they say barnes³ are blessings. ^{3 children}

Coun. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driven

17. joined to next l.—POPE. 20. w: 1-2-4F 27. as o'-2Rowe.

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. iii. 31-67]

onby the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell drives. 32

• *Con.* Is this all your worships reason?

Clo. Faith Madam I have other holie reasons, such as they are.

Con. May the world know them?

Clo. I have beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent. 39

Con. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives sake.

Con. Such friends are thine enemies knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaves come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that cress¹ my Land, spares my teame, and gives mee leave to Inne² the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Cbarbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyssam* the Papist, how somere their hearts are sever'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may joule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Con. Wilt thou ever be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knave? ^{1 *plows*} ^{2 *get in*} 58

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your Cuckow sings by kinde.

36. *Con.*: misprint 1F. 41. *a*: o'-CAPELL. 47. *Inne*: in-4F. 60-2. for *I*, etc.: 4 ll. ending repeat, find, destiny, kind-2Rowz.

Cou. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to speake.

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*,
Fond¹ done, done, fond² was this King *Priams* ioy, 70
With that she sighed as she stood, *his*
And gave this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one
good in ten. ¹*foolishly* ²*fondly*

Cou. What, one good in tenn? you corrupt the song sirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath'song: would God would serve the world so all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might have a good woman horne but ore everie blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one. 83

Cou. Youle begone sir knave, and doe as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie over the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither.

Exit. 91

Cou. Well now.

70-4. 8 ll. ending fond, joy, stood, stood, then, good, good, ten-MALONE.

78. *atb'*: o'the-CAPELL.

79. *wead*: we'ld-CAMBRIDGE.

80. *and*: an-POPE.

81. *ore*: one-2COLLIER.

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. iii. 103-133]

Stew. I know Madam you love your Gentlewoman
inquirely.

Con. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee,
and she her selfe without other advantage, may lawfullie
make title to as much love as shee findes, there is
more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid
her then sheele demand. 99

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then
I thinke shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did
communicate to her selfe her owne words to her
owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they
thought not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee
loved your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no god-
desse, that had put such difference betwixt their two
estates: Love no god, that would not extend his might
onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Vir-
gins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd
without rescue in the first assault or ransome after-
ward: This shee deliver'd in the most bitter touch of
sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held
my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence¹ in
the losse that may happen, it concernes you something
to know it. ^{1: since 115}

Con. You have discharg'd this honestlie, keepe it
to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this
before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that
I could neither beleeeve nor misdoubt: praie you
leave mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke
you for your honest care: I will speake with you fur-
ther anon. *Exit Steward.* 122

108. *Queene:* Dian (Diana) no queen—THROBALD.

Enter Hellen.

Old. Cou. Even so it was with me when I was yong:
 If ever we are natures, these are ours, this thorne
 Doth to our Rose of youth righlie belong
 Our blood to us, this to our blood is borne,
 It is the show, and scale of natures truth,
 Where loves strong passion is imprest in youth,
 By our remembrances of daies forgon, 130
 Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
 Her eie is sicke on't, I observe her nqw.

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol. Cou. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris.

Ol. Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I
 sed a mother

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,
 That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
 And put you in the Catalogue of those 140
 That were enwombed mine, 'tis often scene
 Adoption strives with nature, and choise breeds
 A native slip to us from forraine seedes:
 You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,
 Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,
 (Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood
 T'o say I am thy mother? what's the matter,
 That this distempered messenger of wet?
 The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

————— Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not. 151

124. *Old:* out, and so throughout—*Rowe*. *Cou.:* out—*SINGER*.

126. *righlie:* rightly—3-41.

133-4. 2 ll. ending *Helen*, to you—*CAPELL*.

136. new l. at *Why*—*POPE*.

150. dash out—*CAPELL*.

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. iii. 160-187

Old. Cou. I say I am your Mother.

Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count *Rosillion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note upon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His servant live, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother.

Ol. Cou. Nor I your Mother. 160

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heaven,
So I were not his sister, cant¹ no other, ^{1 can it be}
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old. Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse; what pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see 170
The mistrie of your lovelinesse, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:
You love my sonne, invention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies
See it so grosely showne in thy behaviours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue 180
That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?

160. *Mother.*: Mother?—2 ROWE.

165. *sister, cant*: sister. Can't—THEOBALD.

171. *lovelinesse*: loneliness—THEOBALD.

177. *it 'ton tooth to th'other*: it, th'one to th'other—KNIGHT.

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clewe:
 If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,
 As heaven shall worke in me for thine avails
 To tell me truelic.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Cou. Do you love my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.

Cou. Love you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you love him Madam? 190

Cou. Goe not about; my love hath in't a bond
 Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose
 The state of your affection, for your passions
 Have to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
 That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your
 Sonne:

My friends were poore but honest, so's my love:
 Be not offended, for it hurts not him 200

That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suite,

Nor would I have him, till I doe deserve him,

Yet never know how that desert should be:

I know I love in vaine, strive against hope:

Yet in this captious,¹ and intemible Sive.

I still poure in the waters of my love ¹capacious

And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like

Religious in mine error, I adore

The Sunne that lookes upon his worshipper, 210

But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,

Let not your hate incounter with my love,

For loving where you doe; but if your selfe,

197-8. 2 ll. ending heaven, son-Pope.

206. *intemible*: *intenable*-2-4F.

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. iii. 216-244

Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
 With chastly, and love dearely, that your *Dian*
 Was both her selfe and love, O then give pittie
 To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
 But lend and give where she is sure to loose;
 That seekes not to finde that, her search implies, 220
 But riddle like, lives sweetely where she dies.

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
 To goe to *Paris*?

Hell. Madam I had.

Cou. Wherefore? tell true.

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:
 You know my Father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
 And manifest experience, had collected
 For generall soveraigntie: and that he wil'd me 230
 In heedefull'st reservation to bestow them,
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
 More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
 There is a remedie, approv'd, set downe,
 To cure the desperate languishings whereof
 The King is render'd lost.

Cou. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speake?

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
 Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
 Had from the conversation of my thoughts, 240
 Happily beene absent then.

Cou. But thinke you *Jellen*,
 If you should tender your supposed aide,
 He would receive it? He and his Phisitions
 Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:

237. for .. speake: separate l.—CAPELL.

241. Happily: Haply—PORR.

Till honour be bought up, and no sword worne 40
But one to dance with: by heaven, Ile steale away.

1. *Lo. G.* There's honour in the theft.

Parr. Commit it Count.

2. *Lo. E.* I am your accessory, and so farewell.

Ros. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. *Lo. G.* Farewell Captaine.

2. *Lo. E.* Sweet Mounsier *Parolles*.

Parr. Noble *Heroes*; my sword and yours are kinne,
good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You
shall finde in the Regiment of the *Spinij*, one Captaine
Spurio his sicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on
his sinister cheeke; it was this very sword entrench'd it:
say to him I live, and observe his reports for me. 53

Lo. G. We shall noble Captaine. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Parr. Mars doate on you for his novices, what will
ye doe?

Ros. Stay the King.

[*Re-enter King. Bertram and Parolles retire.*]

Parr. [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremonie to
the Noble | Lords, you have restrain'd your selfe within
the List of | too cold an adieu: be more expressive to
them; for they | weare themselves in the cap of the
time, there do muster | true gate; eat, speake, and
move under the influence of | the most receiv'd starre,
and though the devill leade the | measure, such are
to be followed: after them, and take a | more dilated
farewell. | 65

Ros. And I will doe so.

Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to proove most si-
newie sword-men. *Exeunt* [*Bertram and Parolles*].

46. *Farewell: Farewell*—2-4F.

51. *his sicatrice, with: with his sicatrice*—THEOBALD.

Enter Lafew.

La Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon my Lord for mee and for
thy tidings. | 70

King. Ile see thee to stand up.

L. Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought
his pardon, |

I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that as my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate
And askt thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith^a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe? 80
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I have seen a medicine¹
That's able to breath life into a stone, ¹*physician*
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerfull to arayse King *Pippen*, nay
To give great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour, 91
If seriously I may convay my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sexe; her yeeres, profession,
Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her?
For that is her demand, and know her businesse?

71. *see*: *see*-THEOBALD.

81. *and*: *and*-THEOBALD.

86. *Pippen*: *Pepin*-THEOBALD.

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good *Lafew*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee '100
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit.*]

King. Thus he his speciall nothing ever prologues.

[*Re-enter Lafew.*]

Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Majestic, say your minde to him, 110
A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors
His Majesty seldome feares, I am *Cressid's* Uncle,
That dare leave two together, far you well. *Exit.*

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow us?

Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death, 120
Many receipts he gave me, chieflie one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I have so,
And hearing your high Majestic is toucht
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,

THAT ENDS WELL

[II. i. 116-147

I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humblenesse.

130

King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned^d Doctors leave us, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ransome nature
From her inaydible estate: I say we must not
So staine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malladie

To empericks, or to dissever so

Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme 140

A sencelesse helpe, when helpe past sence we deeme.

Hell. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to heare me backe againe.

King. I cannot give thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I give,
As one neere death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art. 150

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedie.

He that of greatest workes is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Writ, in habes hath judgement showne,
When Judges have bin habes; great fouds have flowne
From simple sources: and great Seas have dried
When Miracles have by the great'st beene denied.

Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits, 160
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

161. *ibid*: fts-COLLIER.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not us'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with us, that square our guesse by shoves:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeavors give consent, 170
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impostrue, that proclaime
My selfe against the levill of mine a'ime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring, 180
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her sleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theevish minutes, how they passe:
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall live free, and sicknesse freely dye.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?

Hel. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame 190
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended

172. *Impostrue*: impostor-3-4F.182. *her*: his-Rowe.188. *venter*: venture-2-4F.192. *ne worse of*: nay, worse — 1f-Globe.

THAT ENDS WELL

[II. i. 177-207]

With vildest torture, let my life be ended.

Kin. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sence, ~~sece~~ saves another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all 200
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet practiser, thy Physicke I will try,
That ministers thine owne death if I die.

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpittied let me die,
And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

Kin. Make thy demand. 210

Hel. But will you make it even?

Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow. 220

Kin. Heere is my hand, the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still relye:

212. *helpe: heaven*—THEOBALD.

More should I question thee, and more I must,
 Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
 Give me some helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. 230
Florish. Exit.

[Scene ii. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. [*Count.*] Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height | of your breeding.

Clown. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you speciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court? 8

Clo. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answer that fits all questions. ¹*squat*

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch¹-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke. ²*strumpet*

Lady. Will your answer serve fit to all questions? 20

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke,³ as

230. *dead: mood-Dyce.*

231. *Florish: misprint 1F.*

THAT ENDS WELL

[II. ii. 25-58]

Tibs rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a wrangling knave, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I say, an answere of such fitnessse for all questions?

Clō. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable, it will fit any question. 31

Lady. It must be an answere of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clō. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your answer. 40

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clō. O Lord sir theres a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loves you.

Clō. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke sir, you can eat none of this homely meate.

Clō. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.

Clō. O Lord sir, spare not me. 50

La. Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

34. *trifle*: *trifle*-3-4F.

41. run on, *La.* out-3F.

Clo. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord
sir: I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to enter-
taine it so merrily with a foole.*

Clo. O Lord sir, why there't serves well agen.

La. And end sir to your businesse: give *Hellen* this,
And urge her to a present answer hacke, 61
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you under-
stand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legegs.

La. Hast you agen. *Exeunt [severally.]*

[Scene iii. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our
Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar
things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we
make trifles of terrours, ensconcing our selves into see-
ming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to
an unknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that
hath shot out in our latter times.

Ros. And so 'tis. 10

Ol. Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists.

Par. So I say [*Laf.*] both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

[*Par.* So I say.]

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

57-8. 2 ll. ending time, foole-KNIGHT. 60. *And:* An-2Rowx.

67. *legegs:* legs-2-4F.

68. *Hast:* Haste-4F.

2. *Ol.:* out, and so throughout-Rowx. 12-13 bracketed l. GLOBE.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol. Laf. That gave him out incureable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a——

Ol. Laf. Uncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said. 20

Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a noveltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will have it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol. Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said, the verie same.

Ol. Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee I speake in respect—— 28

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very straunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious¹ spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Ol. Laf. Very hand of heaven. ¹ wicked

Par. I, so I say.

Ol. Laf. In a most weake—— [*Pausing.*]

Par. And debile minister great power, gear transcendence, which should indeede give us a further use to be made, then alone the recov'ry of the king, as to bee [*Pausing.*]

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you say well: heere comes the King. [*Lafcu and Parolles retire.*] 41

Ol. Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a

35. gear: grent-2-4F. 35-7. all given to Lafcu-2Dyce.

42. Lustique: Lustig (Lustigh)—CAPELL.

maide the Better whil'st I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. Mor du vinager, is not this *Helen*?

Ol. Laf. Fore God I thinke so.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preserver by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyve 50
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom both Sovereigne power, and fathers voice
I have to use; thy franke election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;
Fall when love please, marry to each but one. 60

Old Laf. I'de give bay curtall,¹ and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken² then these boyes,
And writ as little beard. ¹ *docked horse*

King. Peruse them well: ² *without teeth*
Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath through me,*restor'd
the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thanke heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest 70
That I protest, I simply am a Maide:

45. *Mor du vinager*: *Mort du vinaigre*-Rowe.

59-60. *Mistris*; *Fall*: *mistress Fall*,-Rowe.

67. *Gentlemen*: *separate l.*-CAPELL.

67-8. *beaven .. bealtib*: *verre*-CAPELL.

Please it your Majestie, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,
We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
Wee'l nere come there againe.

King. Make choise and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall love, that God most high 80
Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?

1. *Lo.* And grant it.

Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.

Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw
Ames-ace¹ for my life. ¹ double-ace, lowest throw

Hel. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twentie times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love.

2. *Lo.* No better if you please. 90

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant, and so I take my leave.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons
of mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would send them
to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile never do you wrong for your owne sake:
Blessing upon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you ever wed. 99

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none
have heere: sure they are bastards to the English, the
French nere got em.

84-5. prose-Popz.

101. beere: her-Rowz.

93. And: An-CAPILL.

La. [*Hel.*] You are too young, too happie, and too good |

To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not so.

Ol. Lord [*Luf.*] There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father | drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth | of fourteene: I have knowne thee already. |

Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take^c you, but I give |

Me and my service, ever whilst I live 110
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her shee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes In such a busines, give me leave to use
The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'st thou not *Bertram* what shee ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I should marrie her. 120

King. Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well: Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge: A poore Physitians daughter my wife? Disdaine Rather corrupt me ever.

King. Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which I can build up: strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, 130

112-13. verse-Rowe.

116-22. 4 ll. ending *Bertram*, lord, her, bed-Pope.

THAT ENDS WELL

[II. iii. 127-157]

Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off
 In differences so mightie. If she bee
 All that is vertuous (save what thou dislik'st)
 A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st
 Of vertue for the name: but doe not so:
 From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by th' doers deede.
 Where great additions¹ swell's, and vertue none,
 It is a dropsied honour. Good a lone, ^{1 titles}
 Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so: 140
 The propertie by what is is, should go,
 Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,
 In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire:
 And these breed honour: that is honours scorne,
 Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
 And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 'Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a slave
 Debosh'd² on everie tombe, on everie grave:
 A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe, 150
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe.
 Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?
 If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,
 I can create the rest: Vertue, and shee ^{2 debased}
 Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st strive
 to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
 Let the rest go. 160

King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeate
 I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,

131. *stands*: stand-2Rows.

136. *when*: when-THEOBALD.

141. *in*: it-2-4F.

157-8. *verne*-POPE.

Proud scornfull boy, unworthie this good gift,
 That dost in vile misprision¹ shackle up
 My love, and her desert: that canst not dreame,
 We poizing us in her defective scale, ¹ *misconception*
 Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
 It is in Us to plant thine Honour, where
 We please to have it grow. Checke thy contempt:
 Obey Our will, which travailes in thy good; 170
 Beleeve not thy disdain, but presentlie
 Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
 Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers,² and the carelesse lapse ² *madness*
 Of youth and ignorance: both my revenge and hate
 Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
 Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit
 My fancie to your eies, when I consider 180
 What great creation, and what Jole of honour
 Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late
 Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now
 The praised of the King, who so ennobled,
 Is as 'twere borne so.

King. Take her by the hand,
 And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
 A counterpoize: If not to thy estate,
 A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand. 190

Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
 Smile upon this Contract: whose Ceremonie
 Shall seeme expedient on the now borne brieft,
 And be perform'd to night: the solemne Feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
 Thy love's to me Religious: else, do's erre. *Exeunt*

Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. [*Advancing*] Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you. | 200

Par. Your pleasure sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

Laf. I: Is it not a Language I speake?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee understoode without bloudie succeeding My Master?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Rosillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of another stile. 211

Par. You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy travell, it might passe: yet the scarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldlie dissuade me from beleeving thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I have now found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that th' ourt scarce worth. 224

Par. Hadst thou not the priviledge of Antiquity upon thee.

Laf. Do not plundge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall: which if, Lord have mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee

223. *th' ourt*: thou'rt-3-4F

229. *Lettice*: lattice-3-4F

well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand. 231

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, ev'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If ever thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know. 243

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. He beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. He have no more pittie of his age then I would have of——He beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you have a new Mistris. 258

Par. I most unfainedly beseech your Lordshippe to

239. *a'rb:* o'the-2Rowz.

240. *shall:* shalt-2-4F.

253, 255. *and:* an-Port.

make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I sir.

Laf. The devill it is, that's thy master. Why doest thou garter up thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'd beate thee: mee-think'st thou art a generall offence, and every man shold beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath¹ themselves upon thee.

¹*exercise* 271

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure my Lord.

Laf. Go too sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

Exit

Enter Count Rossillion.

280

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ros. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

Rossill. Although before the solemne Priest I have sworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Ros. O my *Parrolles*, they have married me: Ile to the *Tuscan* warres, and never bed her.

264. *doest*: *dost*-Rowe.

265. *a*: *o*'-2Rowe.

268, 278. *I'd*: *I'd*-Cambridge.

268-9. *meethink'st*: *methinks*-2Rowe.

285-6. a ll. ending *sworne*, *her*-2Rowe.

Par. ~~France~~ is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres. 291

Ros. There's letters from my mother: What th'im-
port is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warra my boy,
too'th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe unseene,
That hugges his kickie wickie¹ heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes ^{1 wife}
Which should sustaine the bound and high curvet
Of *Marses* fierie steed: to other Regions, 300
France is a stable, wee that dwell in't shades,
Therefore too'th warre.

Ros. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durst not speake. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no strife
To the darke house, and the detected wife. 309

Par. Will this *Caprichio*² hold in thee, art sure?

Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and advice me.
Ile send her straight away: To morrow, ^{2 caprice}
Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. 'Tis hard
A yong man married, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but hush 'tis so. *Exit*

[Scene iv. *Paris.* *The King's palace.*]

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

308. *Warres:* war-2-4F. 309. *detected:* detested-Rowe.

THAT ENDS WELL,

[II.]

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health: she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: but that may be given she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well?

Clo. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things? 10

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whether God send her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope sir I have your good will to have mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, have them still. O my knave, how do's my old Ladie? 20

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knave. 29

Clo. You should have said sir before a knave, th'art a knave, that's before me th'art a knave: this had beene truth sir.

17. *fortune*: *fortunes*—CAPELL.

29. *th'art*: *thou'rt*—ROWE.

30, 31. *th'art*: *thou'rt*—CAPELL.

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, even to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knave ifaith, and well fed. 40
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
A verie serrious businesse call's on him:
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with joy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will else? 50

Par. That you will take your instant leave a'th king,
And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I waite upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. *Exit Par.*

Hell. I pray you come sirrah. *Exit* 60

37. run on, *Clo.* out-Rowe.

51. a'th: o'the-Rowe.

60. come sirrah: separate I -THEOBALD.

[Scene v. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a souldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You have it from his owne deliverance.¹

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke
for a bunting. ¹ *delivery*

Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge, and accordinglie valiant. 10

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience, and transgrest against his valour, and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make us freinds, I will pursue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. [*To Ber.*] These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir? 19

Laf. O I know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good workeman, a verie good Tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'le have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketted my treasure,
Given order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin. 29

20. *sirs:* sir, 's-THEOBALD.

29 *And:* End-COLLIER.

Laf. A good Travailer is something at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God save you Capitaine.

Ber. Is there any unkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my Lords displeasure. 38

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, bootes and spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and, out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may bee you have mistaken him my Lord.

Laf. And shall doe so ever, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and belceve this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this man is his cloathes: Trust him not in matter of heavie consequence: I have kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I have spoken better of you, then you have or will to deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evill. [Exit.] 51

Par. An idle Lord, I swear.

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Gives him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have sir as I was commanded from you Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For present parting, onely he desires 60

31. on: one-2Rowx.

33. bard: heard-2-4F.

Some¹ private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not mervaile *Helen* at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you, 70
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments have in them a neede
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,

[*Giving a letter.*]

'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall 80

With true observance seeke to ecke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres have faild
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my hast is verie great. Farwell:
Hie home.

Hel. Pray sir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,¹

Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is, ^{1 own}
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale 90
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you have?

84. *best*: haste-2-3F.

84-5. *my .. home*: separate l.—*Porc.*

Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed, I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes, Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse.

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord: Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell. *Exit*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil never come, Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme: Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Coragio.¹ ¹ *courage* [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *Florence. The Duke's palace.*]

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence [attended], the two Frenchmen, | with a troope of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard The fundamentall reasons of this warre, Whose great decision hath much blood let forth And more thirsts after.

1. Lord. Holy seemes the quarrell
Upon your Graces part: blacke and scarefull
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we mervaille much our Cosin France Would in so just a businesse, shut his bosome Against our borrowing prayers.

French. E. [2. Lord] Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward² man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,
By selfe unable motion, therefore dare not

94. *Faith yes:* separate 1.—GLOBE.

98. given to Bertram—2 THEOBALD.

2. *Florence:* misprint 1F.

THAT ENDS WELL⁴

[III. i. 14–ii. 16]

Say what I thinke of it, since I have found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile 20
As often as I gues.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Frtin. G. [1. *Lord*] But I am sure the yonger of our
nature, |

That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee:

And all the honors that can flye from us,
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
Whoe: better fall, for your availes they tell,
To morrow to'th the field. *Flourish.* [*Exeunt.*] 30

[Scene ii. *Roussillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would have had it, save
that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-
rie melancholly man. ^{1 ruffle of boot}

Count. By what observance I pray you.

Clo. Why he will looke uppon his boote, and sing:
mend the Ruffe¹ and sing, aske questions and sing, picke
his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song. 10

Lad. [*Count.*] Let me see what he writes, and when
he meanes | to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clow. I have no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court.
Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing
like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains

30. to'th the: to the-2-4F.

14. Lings: ling-2-4F. a': o'-Rowe.

10. bold: sold-3-4F

15. a': o'-Rowe.

of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to love; as an
old man loves money, with no stomacke.

Lad. What have we heere?

Clo. In that you have there. *exit*

[*Count. reads.*] *A Letter.* 20

*I have sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the
King, and undone me: I have wedded her, not bedded
her, | and sworne to make the not eterhall. You
shall heare I am | runne away, know it before the re-
port come. If there bee | bredth enough in the world,
I will hold a long distance. My | duty to you.
Your unfortunate sonne, |
Bertram.*

This is not well rash and unbridled boy,
To flye the favours of so good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head, 30
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heavie newes within be-
twene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some
comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thought
he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd? 40

Clo. So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he
does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of
men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they

THAT ENDS WELL

[III. ii. 45-71]

come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your sonne was run away. [Exit.]

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. [First Gent.] Save you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

French G. [Sec. Gent.] Do not say so.

La. Thinke upon patience, pray you Gentlemen, 50
I have felt so many quirkes of joy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start

Can woman me untoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

Fren. G. Madam he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence,

We met him thitherward, for thence we came:

And after some dispatch in hand at Court,

Thither we bend againe. 58

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.
[Reads.]

*When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, which never
shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy
bodie, | that I am father too, then call me husband:
but in such a (then) | I write a Never.*

This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1. G. I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie
for our paines.

Old La. [Count.] I prethee Ladie have a better
cheere, |

If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine,

Thou robst me of a moiety: He was my sonne, 70

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

66. new i at And for-CAVILL

Fren. G. I Madam.

La. And to be a souldier.

Fren. G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleev'^t
The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren. E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads*] 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France, | 80

'Tis bitter.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren. E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which
his heart was not consenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, untill he have no wife: —
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely she, and she deserves a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend upon,
And call her hourelly Mistris. Who was with him? 90

Fren. E. A servant onely, and a Gentleman: which I
have sometime knownc.

La. Parolles was it not?

Fren. E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well derived nature
With his inducement.

Fren. E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of
that, too much, which holds him much to have. 99

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you
when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can
never winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate
you written to beare along.

91. *whlch*: which—2-4F. new l. at Which—Pope.

97-105. 2 five-accent ll., 1 six-accent l., 5 five-accent ll.—CAPELL.

Frén. G. We serve you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neere?, *Exit [Countess and Gentlemen].*

Hel. Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France untill he has no wife:

Thou shalt have none *Rossillion*, none in France, 110

Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I

That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose

Those tender limbes of thine, to the event

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,

That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou

Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke

Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speede of fire,

Fly with false ayme, move the still-peering aire

That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord: 120

Who ever shoots at him, I set him there.

Who ever charges on his forward brest

I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: Better 'twere

I met the ravine¹ Lyon when he roar'd ^{1 ravinous}

With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre, 130

As oft it looses all. I will be gone:

My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,

Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,

And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,

126. ravine: ravin-CAPPELL.

135. Angles: angels-2-4F.

That pittifull rumour may report my flight
 To console thine eare. Come night, end day,
 For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *Florence. Before the Duke's palace.*]

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion,
 drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrottes.*

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
 Wee'l strive to beare it for your worthy sake,
 To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth, 10
 And fortune play upon thy prosperous helme
 As thy auspicious mistris.

Ber. This very day
 Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
 A lover of thy drumme, hater of love. *Exeunt omnes*

[Scene iv. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
 Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
 By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

[*Stew. reads.*] *Letter.*

*I am S. Jaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
 Ambitious love bath so in me offended,*

~~The~~ bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
 With sainted vow my faults to bane amended.
 Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre, 10
 My dearest Master your deare sonne, may live,
 Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,
 His name with zealous fervour sanctifie:
 His taken labours bid him me forgive:
 I his despightfull Juno sent him forth,
 From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to live,
 Where death and danger dogges the beeles of worth.
 He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
 Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.

[Count.] Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest
 words? | 20

Rynaldo, you did never lacke advice¹ so much,
 As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented. ^{1 discretion}

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
 If I had given you this at over-night,
 She might have beene ore-tane: and yet she writes
 Pursuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall
 Blesse this unworthy husband, he cannot thrive, 30
 Unlesse her prayers, whom heaven delights to heare
 And loves to grant, repreeve him from the wrath
 Of greatest Justice. Write, write Rynaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife,
 Let everie word waigh heavie of her worth,
 That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe,
 Though little he do feele it, set downe sharply.

9. bane: have-2-4F.

35. warrh: worth-2-4F.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger,
 When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
 He will returne, and hope I may that shee 10
 Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
 Led hither by pure love: which of them both
 Is deere to me, I have no skill in sence
 To make distinction: provide this Messenger:
 My heart is heavie, and mine age is weake,
 Greeke would have teares, and sorrow bids me speake.
Exeunt

[Scene v. *Florence. Without the walls.*]

A Tucket afarre off.

*Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter [Diana],
 Violenta } and Mariana, with other
 Citizens.*

Widdow. Nay come,
 For if they do approach the Citie,
 We shall loose all the sight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done
 Most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported, 10
 That he has taken their great'st Commander,
 And that with his owne hand he slew
 The Dukes brother: [*Tucket*] we have lost our labour,
 They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
 you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
 And suffice our selves with the report of it.
 Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
 The honor of a Maide is her name,
 And no Legacie is so rich 20

As honestie.

Widdow. I have told my neighbour
How you have beene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

¹temptations

Maria. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parolles*,
a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions¹ for the young
Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, entise-
ments, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are
not the things they go under: many a maide hath beene
seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so
terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot
for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed
with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede
not to advise you further, but I hope your owne grace
will keepe you where you are, though there were no
further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so
lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Hellen [disguised like a Pilgrim]. 39

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know
she will lye at my house, thither they send one another,
He question her. God save you pilgrim, whether are
bound?

Hel. To S. *Jaques la grand*.

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the S. *Francis* heere beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march as farre.*

Wid. I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime
But till the troopes come by, 50
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,

33. *threatens*: threaten—Pope.

44. *la*: 10-3-4F.

The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse
As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. you came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countiman of yours
That has done worthy service. 60

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the care that heares most nobly of him;
His face I know not.

Dia. What somere he is
He's bravely taken heere. He stole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for¹ the King had married him
Against his liking. Thinke you it is so? ^{1 because}

Hel. I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serves the Count,
Reports but courselly of her. 71

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parrolles*.

Hel. Oh I beleeve with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane
'To have her name repeated, all her deserving
Is a reserved honestie, and that
I have not heard examin'd.² ^{2 questioned}

Dian. Alas poore Ladie, 80
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wheresoere she is,

THAT ENDS WELL

[III. v. 70-93]

Hea^hert waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her
A shrewd¹ turne if she pleas'd. 1 evil

Hel. How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count solicites her
In the unlawfull purpöse.

Wid. He does indeede,
And brokes² with all that can in such a suite 90
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide: 2 traffics
But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Rosillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes torbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Antonio* the Dukes eldest sonne,
That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman? 100

Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Di. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knave
That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Jacke an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee
melancholly? 111

Hel. Perchance hes hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he
has spyed us.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit*
[*Bertram, Parolles, and army*].

Wid. The troope is past: Come p^rgrim, I will bring
you, Where you shall host:¹ Of injoynd penitents
There's foure or fivc, to great St: *Jaques* bound, 120
Alreadie at my house. ¹ lodge

Hel. I humbly thanke you:
Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me. and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,
Worthy the note.

Botb. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

[Scene vi. *Camp before Florence.*]

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen,
as at first.

Cap. E. [*Sec. Lord*] Nay good my Lord put him
too't: let him | have his way.

Cap. G. [*First Lord*] If your Lordshippe finde him
not a Hilding,² | hold me no more in your respect.

Cap. E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre ² base wretch
Deceived in him. 9

Cap. E. Beleeve it my Lord, in mine owne direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him
as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infi-
nite and endlesse Lyar, an hourelly promise-breaker, the
owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships
entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too

118-19. 2 ll. ending you, penitents-2Rowz. 8-9. 1 l.-Porz.
16. least: lost-4F.

THAT ENDS WELL

[III. vi. 15-45]

far³⁰ in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, sayle you

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him. 21

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him so confidently under take to do.

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines will sodainly surprize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from theemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager¹ of the adversaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeite of his soule upon oath, never trust my judgement in anie thing. ^{1 camp} 36

Cap. G. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you give him not John drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolies.

43

Cap. E. [*Aside to Ber.*] O for the love of laughter hinder not the ho- | nor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any | hand.

30. *present*: present-2-4F.

39. *this*: his-Rowe.

40. *ours*: ore (oar)-THEOBALD.

42. *inclining*: inclining-2-4F.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks softly in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme. 49.

Par. But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service: it was a disaster of warre that *Cæsar* him selfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recovered. 60

Par. It might have beene recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of service is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drumme or another, or *bic jacet*. 66

Ber. Why if you have a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, he magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, even to the utmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this evening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my

64. *sildome*: seldom--2-4F.

70. *magnanimious*: magnanimous--2-4F.

certainie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation:
and by midnigh^e looke to heare further from me. 80

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are
gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord,
but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy souldiership,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

Exit

Cap. E. No more then a fish loves water. Is not this
a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to
undertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be
done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd
than to doo't. 93

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe,
certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fa-
vour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discove-
ries, but when you finde him out, you have him ever af-
ter.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no doede at
all of this that so seriouslie hee does addresse himselfe
unto? 101

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an in-
vention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies:
but we have almost imbostr¹ him, you shall see his fall to
night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes re-
spect. ¹ *bunted down*

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe
ere we case² him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord
Lafew, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what
a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this ve-
rie night. ² *skin* 111

Cap. E. I must go looke my twigges,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her 120
By this same Coxcombe that we have i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did respend,
And this is all I have done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt*

[Scene vii. *Florence. 'The Widow's house.'*]

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke upon.

Wid. Though my estate be false, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust, the Count he is my husband, 10
And what to your sworne counsaile I have spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it.

THAT ENDS WELL

[III. vii. 12-39]

Wid. I should beleeve you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves
Y^e are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will over-pay, and pay againe 20
When I have found it. The Count he woos your
daughter, ¹ *importunate*

Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,
Resolve to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:
Now his import^{nt} blood will naught denie,
That shee'l demand: a ring the Countic² weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house ² *count*
From sonne to sonne, some foure or five discent,
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds 30
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottome of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne,
Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chastly absent: after
To marry her, He adde three thousand Crownes 40
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yeelded: ³ *persevere*
Instruct my daughter how she shall perseve,³
That time and place with this deceite so lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes

17. *Y^e are*: You're—HUNSON.

34. new l. at The—CAPPELL.

45. *comes*: comes—2-4F.

24. *Resolve*: Resolved—COLLIER.

39. *after*: after this—2-4F.

With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
 To her unworthinesse: It nothing steeps us
 To chide him from our eeyes, for he persists
 As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night

50

Let us assay our plot, which if it speed, "
 Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
 And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
 Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.
 But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quartus. .

[*Scene i. Without the Florentine camp.*]

*Enter one of the Frenchmen [Second French Lord],
 with five or sixe other | souldiers in ambush.*

1. *Lord E.* [*Sec. Lord*] He can come no other way
 but by this hedge | corner: when you sallie upon him,
 speake what terrible | Language you will: though you
 understand it not your | selves, no matter: for we
 must not seeme to understand | him, unlesse some one
 among us, whom wee must pro- | duce for an Inter-
 preter. |

1. *Sol.* Good Captaine, let me be th' Interpreter. 10

Lor. E. [*Sec. Lord*] Art not acquainted with him?
 knowes he not | thy voice?

1. *Sol.* No sir I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linsie wolsy hast thou to speake to us
 againe. 1 service

1. *Sol.* F'n such as you speake to me. 16

Lo. E. He must thinke us some band of strangers, i'th
 adversaries entertainment.¹ Now he hath a smacke of all

47. *steeds: steade*—4F.

20. *Captaine:* misprint 1F.

neighbouring Languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancie, not to know what we speak one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

27

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must bee a very plausible invention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces have of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo.E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of. 37

Par. What the diuill should move mee to undertake the recoverie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not give, wherefore what's the instance.¹ Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of *Bajazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into these perilles. ^{1 proof}

Lo.E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is. 49

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo.E. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lo.E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

Lo.E. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo.E. How deepe? 68

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo.E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be beleeveld.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would swear I recover'd it.

Lo.E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo.E. *Throca movousu, cargo, cargo, cargo.* 69

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ransome, ransome,

Do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*]

Inter. [*First Sold.*] *Boskos thramuldo bo-kos.*

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I shall loose my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speake to me,
He discover that, which shal undo the Florentine.

Int. *Boskos vauvado*, I understand thee, & can speake

51. *ib.*: the-2-4F.

71-2. 1 l.—POPE.

77-8. 2 ll. ending 1'll, Florentine—CAPPEL.

THAT ENDS WELL

[IV. i. 83-104]

thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for
seventeenē portards are at thy bosome. 81

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Mank? revania dulce.

Lo.E. *Oscarbidulchos volivorco.*

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe
Something to save thy life.

Par. O let me live, 90
And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,
Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. *Acor do linta.*

Come on, thou are granted space. *Exit*
[with Paralles guarded.]

A short Alarum within.

L.E. Go tell the Count *Rosillion* and my brother,
We have caught the woodcocke,¹ and will keepe him
muffled | ^{1 foot} 100
Till we do heare from them.

So/. Captaine I will.

L.E. A will betray us all unto our selves,
Informe on that.

So/. So I will sir.

L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.
Exit

[Scene ii. *Florence. The Widow's house.*]

Enter Bertram, and the Maid called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fentybell*.

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddesses,

And worth it with addition: but faire soule,

In your fine frame hath love no qualitie?

If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,

You are no Maiden but a monument

When you are dead you should be such a one 10

As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet selfe was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that:

I prethee do not strive against my vowes: 20

I was compell'd to her, but I love thee

By loves owne sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. I so you serve us

Till we serve you: But when you have our Roses,

You barely leave our thornes to pricke our selves,

And mocke us with our barenesse.

Ber. How have I sworne.

Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,

But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true: 30

What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Joves great attributes,
I lov'd you deere, would you beleve my oathes,
When I did love you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to love
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poure conditions, but unseal'd
At lest in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it: 40

Be not so holy cruell: Love is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thy selfe unto my sicke desires,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it beginnes, shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That wee'l forsake our selves. Give me that Ring.

Ber. He lend it thee my deere; but have no power
To give it from me. 50

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to loose.

Dia. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Jewell of our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisdom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part, 61
Against your vaine assault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,

33. *Joves*: Gods—Globe.

45. *recovers*: recover—Rowe.

My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed, 70
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[Exit.]

Di. For which, live long to thank both heaven & me,
You may so in the end. 81

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Have the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,¹
Marry that will, I live and die a Maid: ¹deceitful
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would unjustly winne. Exit

[Scene iii. *The Florentine camp.*]

*Enter the two French Captaines [Lords], and some two
or three | Souldiours.*

Cap. G. [First Lord] You have not given him his
mothers letter. |

Cap. E. [Sec. Lord] I have deliv'ed it an houre since, therē is so^{on} a thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it, { he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shating off so good^a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Espēcially, hee hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you. 12

Cap. G. When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Cap. E. Hee hath perverted a young Gentlewoman heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath given her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the unchaste composition.

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our selves, what things are we. 21

Cap. E. Meereely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveale themselves, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: so he that in this action contrives against his owne Nobility in his proper streame, ore-flows himselfe.

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be Trumpeters of our unlawfull intents? We shall not then have his company to night?

Cap. E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre. 31

Cap. G. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take a measure of his owne judgements, wherein so curiously he had set his counterfeit.

34. *measures*: misprint 1 F.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the meane time, what beare you of these Warres?

Cap. E. I heare there is an overture of peace. 40

Cap. G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he travaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsell.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great deale of his act. 47

Cap. G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Jacques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimonie she accomplisht: and there residing, the tendernesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her griefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now she sings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this justified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storie true, even to the poynt of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place. 60

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap. E. I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this.

Cap. G. How mightily sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

Cap. E. And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his

valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample. 71

• *Cap. G.* The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

• *Ser.* He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leave: his Lordshippe will next morning for Francé. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King. 81

Cap. E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillon.

Ber. [*First Lord*] They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart- nesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, i't not after midnight? 87

Ber. I have to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neerest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Convoy, & betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your Lordship. 98

Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing

to heare of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour? Come, bring forth this counterfet module,¹ has deceiv'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophetier. ^{1 model}

Cap. E. Bring him forth, ha's sate i'th stockes all night poore gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heeles have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap. E. I have told your Lordship already: The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be understood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes: and what thinke you he hath confest? 114

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap. E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleewe you are, you must have the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles [guarded] with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled; he can say nothing of me: hush, hush. 121

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you say without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live. 131

Int. [*Reads*] First demand of him, how many horse the Duke | is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weake and un-serviceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him. 140

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this?

Cap. G. Y'are deceiv'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur *Parrolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke¹ of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practise in the chape² of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleeve he can have everie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly. ^{1 theory}

Int. Well, that's set downe. ^{2 point}

Par. Five or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth. 151

Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con³ him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it. ^{3 acknowledge}

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marvailous poore.

Interp. [*Reads*] Demaund of him of what strength they are a | foot. What say you to that? 160

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred &

140-1. *all's* .. *this*: separate l., all given to *Ber.*—CAPELL

142. *T'are*: *You're*—CAPELL.

fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many: *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowicke*, and *Grattif*, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Kau-mond*, *Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, uppon my life amounts not to fiftene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake themselves to peeces. 170

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set downe: [*Redds*] you shall demaund of | him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a | Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what | his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whe- | ther he thinks it were not possible with well-waighing | summes of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you | to this? What do you know of it? | 181

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieves fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that falls. 190

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

164-5, 166. *hundred fiftie*: hundred and fifty-2Rowz.

169. *lean*: lost-4F.

Cap. G. Nay looke not so upon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th hand. I thinke I have his Letter in my pocket.

200

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. [Reads] *Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.*

209

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it up againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it first by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maide: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to Virginitie, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

220

Int. [Reads] *Let. When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it: After he scores, be never payes the score:*

194. Cry.: Cap.-2-4F.

195. Lord: lordship-Pom.

199. a'th: o'the-Rowz.

*Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,
 He nere payes after-debts, take it before,
 And say a souldier (Dian) told thee, this:
 Men are to mell^l with, boyes are not to kis.
 For count of this, the Counts a 'Foolle I know it,
 W'bo payes before, but not when he does owe it.*

Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine care, 230

Parolles. 1 meddle

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armie with this
 rime in's forehead.

Cap. E. This is your devoted friend sir, the manifold
 Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and
 now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall
 be faine to hang you. 239

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraide to
 dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent
 out the remainder of Nature. Let me live sir in a dunge-
 on, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may live.

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse
 freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*:
 you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and
 to his valour. What is his honestie? 247

Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for
 rapes and ravishments he paralels *Nessus*. Hee professes
 not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then
Hercules. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you
 would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best
 vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he
 does little harme, save to his bed-cloathes about him:

but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's even the thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to love him for this. 259

Ber. For this description of thine honestie? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

Par. Faith sir, ha's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Milrend*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemes him. 270

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardceue¹ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

¹quarter-crown

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

Cap. E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he? 280

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in evill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

263. *fr.* sir-2-4F.

274. *Cardceue*: quart d'écu-Port.

281. *u'*: o'-Rowe.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count *Rossillion*.

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure. 291

Par. [*Aside*] Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, | onely to seeme to deserve well, and to beguile the suppo- | sition of that lascivious yong boy the Count, have I run | into this danger: yet who would have suspected an am- | bush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall sayes, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use: therefore you must dye. Come heedes man, off with his head. 302

Par. O Lord sir let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends: [*Unblinding him.*]

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine.

Lo. E. God bleasse you Captaine *Parolles*.

Cap. G. God save you noble Captaine.

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*. 311

Cap. G. Good Captaine will you give me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well. *Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone Captaine all but your scarfie, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot? 318

THAT ENDS WELL [IV. iii. 361-iv. 11

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrey where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speake of you there. *Exit*
[with soldiers.]

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burst at this: Captaine Ile be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft
As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knowes himselfe a braggart
Let him feare this; for it will come to passe,
That every braggart shall be found an Asse.
Rust-sword, cooic blushes, and *Parrolles* live 330
Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thrive;
'There's place and meanes for every man alive.
Ile after them. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *Florence. The Widow's bouse.*]

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I have not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
'Time was, I did him a desired office¹
Deere almost as his life, which gratitude ^{1 kindness}
Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd, 10
His grace is at *Marcellæ*, to which place
We have convenient convoy: you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,

5. *for*: 'fore-2-4F.

11. *Marcellæ*: *Marseilles*-2Rowe.

My husband hies him home, where heaven ayding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Mistris 20
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive¹
And helper to a husband. But O strange men,
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When sawcie trusting of the confin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this heereafter: you *Diana*, 30
Under my poore instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe. ¹ instrument

Dia. Let death and honestie
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have leaves as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away, ² end
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us, 40
All's well that ends well, still the fines² the Crowne;
What ere the course, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt*

[Scene v. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Clowne, old Lady [Countess], and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene alive at this houre, and your sonne heere at home, more advanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak of. 8

La. [Count.]. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death | of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that ever Nature | had praise for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh | and cost mee the deerest groanes of a mother, I could | not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thousand sallets ere wee light on such another hearbe.

Cl. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the sallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knave, they are nose-hearbes. 20

Clowne. I am no great *Nabuchadnezzar* sir, I have not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knave or a foole?

Cl. A foole sir at a womans service, and a knave at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Cl. I would cousen the man of his wife, and do his service.

15. *sallets*: *salade*-REED.

18. *sallet*: *salad*-REED.

22. *grace*: *grass*-ROWE.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service indeed. 30

Clo. And I would give his wife my hauble¹ sir to doe her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and foole.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman? 39

Clo. Faith sir a has an English maine, but his fisno⁴⁰ mie is more hotter in France then therç.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke-nesse, alias the divell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purse, I give thee not this to suggest¹ thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serve him still.

¹ tempt 47

Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loved a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any trickes. 60

Clo. If I put any trickes upon em sir, they shall bee

Jades wickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. exit

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappie.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a patten for his sawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was upon his returne home. I moved the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Majestic out of a selfe-gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe up the displeasure he hath conceived against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected. 80

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

La. It rejoyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meeete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted. 90

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable privilege.

65. a: he-Rowz.

82. a: he-2Rowz.

81. *Marcellus*: Marseilles-Porz.

85. 1r: 1t-3-4F.

Laf. Ladie, of that I have made a bold charter, but
I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clw. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with
a patch of velvet on's face, whether therē bee a scar un-
der't or no, the Velvet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch
of Velvet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a
halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare. 100

Laf. A scarre nobly got,
Or a noble scarre, is a good liv'rie of honor,
So belike is that.

Clw. But it is your carbinado'd¹ face.

Laf. Let us go see ^{1 cut across for broiling}
your sonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble souldier.

Clowne. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate
fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the
head, and nod at everie man. 110

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *Marseilles. A street.*]

*Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with
two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night,
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it:
But since you have made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do so grow in my requitall,
As nothing can unroote you. In happie time,

Enter a gentle Astringer.

10

This man may helpe me to his Majesties care,
If he would spend his power. God save you fir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have beene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes upon your goodnesse,
And therefore gouded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your owne vertues, for the which 20
I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gent. Not indeed,
He hence remov'd last night, and with more hast 30
Then is his use.

Wil. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seeme so adverse, and meanes unfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Rossillon*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand, 40

10. *gentle Astringer*: Gentleman-Rowe.

12. *fr*: sir-2-4F.

40. *Commend*: Commend-2-4F.

Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make us meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thankd
what e're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go,
provide. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene ii. *Rousillon. Before the Count's palace.*]

Enter Clowne and Parrolles [following].

Par. Good M^r *Lavatch* give my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I have ere now sir beene better knowne to you, when I have held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hencefoorth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee alow the winde. 10

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I spake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further.

Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to give to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himselfe.

46-8. 3 ll. ending thank'd, again, provide—*POPE*.

2. M^r *Lavatch*: Monsieur Lavache—*CAMBRIDGE*.

Enter Lafew.

20

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a *Masc*at, that ha's fallne into the uncleane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, use the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship. *[Exit.]*

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd. 29

Laf. And what would you have me to doe? 'Tis too late to paie her hailes now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word,

Laf. you begge a single peny more: Come you shall ha't, save your word. 40

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion,¹ give me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee. ¹ *God's passion*

Laf. Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out. 48

Laf. Out upon thee knave, doest thou put upon mee

21. *Clo.*: out-THEOBALD. 22. *Masc*at: musk-cat-THEOBALD.

26. *smiles*: *similes*-THEOBALD.

34. *under*: under her-2-4F. *Cardecue*: quart d'écu-POPE.

at once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The Kings | comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk'd of you last night, though you | are a foole and a knave, you shall eate, go too, follow. |

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene iii. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady [*Count.*], Lafew, the two French | Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We lost a Jewell of her, and our esteeme Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know Her estimation home.¹

¹ to the utmost

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege, And I beseech your Majestic to make it Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth, When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force, 10 Ore-heares it, and burnes on.

Kin. My honour'd Lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all, Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say, But first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Ladie, Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, 20 Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eies: whose words all eares tooke captive,

50. *office*: office—2-4F.

9. *blade*: blaze—WARRBURTON.

Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd Mistris.

Kin. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblivion, we do burie 30
Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my Liege. [Exit.]

Kin. What sayes he to your daughter,
Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent
me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram. 40

Laf. He lookes well on't.

Kin. I am not a day of season,
For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brightest beames.
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth,
The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Sovereigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time, 50
Let's take the instant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time

35-6. 1 l.—THEOBALD.

38-9. 2 ll. ending me, same—POPE.

39. *us:* *est*—ROWE.

Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first
I stucke my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me, 60
Which warpt the line, of everie other favour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,
Since I have lost, have lov'd; was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd: ^{1 reckoning}
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compr:¹ but love that comes too late,
Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried 71
To the great sender, turnes a sowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults,
Make triviall price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, untill we know their grave.
Of our displeasures to our selves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust:
Our owne love waking, cries to see what's don,^e
While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.
Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her. 80
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*,
'The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay
To see our widdowers second marriage day:

[*Count.*] Which better then the first, O deere heaven
blesse, |

78. *don, e:* done, -2-4F.

79. *shamefull bate:* shame full late-Gloss.

THAT ENDS WELL.

[V. iii. 72-100

Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse.

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digested: give a favour from you

To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*]

By my old beard, |

And ev'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead 90

Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,

The last that ere I tooke her leave at Court,

I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:

This Ring was mine, and when I gave it *Hellen*,

I bad her if her fortunes ever stooode

Necessitied to helpe, that by this token

I would releve her. Had you that craft to reave her

Of what should stead her most? 101

Ber. My gracious Sovereigne,

How ere it pleases you to take it so,

The ring was never hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life

I have seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it

At her lives rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd my Lord, she never saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,

Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name 111

Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought

I stood ingag'd. but when I had subscrib'd

To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,

I could not answer in that course of Honour

As she had made the overture, she ceast

In heavie satisfaction, and would never

Receive the Ring againe.

Kin. *Plutus* himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine, ¹²⁰
Hath not in natures mysterie more science,
Then I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helen's*,
Who ever gave it you: then if you know
'That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unlesse she gave it to your selfe in bed,
Where you have never come: or sent it us
Upon her great disaster. 130

Ber. She never saw it.

Kin. 'Thou speak'st it falsely: as I love mine Honor,
And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should prove
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not prove so:
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleewe,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past¹ proofes, how ere the matter fall 140
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l sift this matter further. ¹former

Ber. If you shall prove
'This Ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit guarded.]

119. *Plutus*: *Plutus*-2Rowr.

133. *connecturall*: *conjectural*-2-4F. 135. *thou*: *thou*-2-4F.

141. *taze*: *tax*-2-4F.

Enter a Gentleman.

**King.* I am wrapt in dismall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soveryaigne.

150

Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or five removes¹ come short,
To tender it her selfe. I undertooke it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her
With an importing² visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breese, it did concerne ¹ *past-stages*
Your Highnesse with her selfe. ² *significant* 160

[*King reads.*]

A Letter.

*Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife
was | dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is
the Count Ros- | sillon a Widdower, his vowes are
forfeited to mee, and my | honors payed to him. He
stole from Florence, taking no | leave, and I follow
him to his Countrey for Justice: Grant | it me, O
King, in you it best lies, otherwise a schuler flou- |
rishes, and a poore Maid is undone.*

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toul³
for this. He none of him. ³ *pay toll* 171

Kin. The heavens have thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this discov'rie, seeke these sutors:
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram [guarded].

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie)

170. *note: toll-THEOBALD.*

Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now justice on the doers.

King. I wonder sir, sir, wives are monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that? 181

Enter Widow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet,
My suite as I do understand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Women? 191

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marrie
You give away this hand, and that is mine,
You give away heavens vowes, and those are mine:
You give away my selfe, which is knowne mine.
For I by vow am so embodied yours, 200
That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none.

Laf. your reputation comes too short for my daughter,
you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,

179 *Wid.* *Wid.* sir, with Dick 182 *and Parrolles: out-Rowe*

THAT ENDS WELL

[V. iii. 181-206]

Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you have them il to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: prove your honor,
'Then in my thought it lies. 211

Dia. Good my Lord,
Aske him upon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What saist thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gamester¹ to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not beleeve him. O behold this Ring, 220
Whose high respect and rich validitie² ¹ *harlot*
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one. ² *value*

Coun. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of sixe preceding Ancestors, that Iemme
Contier'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worn. 'This is his wife,
'That Ring's a thousand proofes.

King. Me thought you saide 230
You saw one heere in Court could wnesse it.

Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names *Perrellis*.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he bee.

Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Ros. What of him:
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave
With all the spots a'th world, taint and debosh'd,

221 *a' o' Rowe.*

237. *pe fidious: perfidious-2-4F*

225 *his it-CAPRI*

238 *a' o'-Rowe*

Whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'll utter, 240
That will speake any thing.

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours. †

Ros. I thinke she has; certain^e it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagernessee with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies¹ course , ^{1 love}
Are motives of more fancie, and in fine,
Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring, 250
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And give me mine againe.

Ros. I have it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you? 260

Dian. Sir much like the same upon your finger.

Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed.

Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*

Ros. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:
Is this the man you speake of?

Dia. I, my Lord. 270

249. *insuite comming*: infinite cunning—2SINGER.

261. 2 ll. ending like, finger—CAPELL.

THAT ENDS WEL.

[V. iii. 234-269]

Kin. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master:

Which o: you; just proceeding, He keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen have.

Kin. Come, come, to'th'purpose: Did hee love this
woman?

Par. Faith sir he did love her, but how. 280

Kin. How I pray you?

Par. He did love her sir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her sir, and lov'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a knave and no knave, what an equi-
vocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Majesties com-
mand.

Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Orator. 290

Dian. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then He speake.

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

Par. Yes so please your Majesty: I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that he loved her, for in-
deede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would derive mee ill will to
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know. 301

Kin. Thou hast spoken all alreadie, unlesse thou canst

say they are married, but thou art too fine¹ in thy evidence, therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dia. I my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

Kin. Where did you finde it then?

310

Dia. I found it not.

Kin. If it were yours by none of all these wayes, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Luf. This womans an easie glove my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

Kin. This Ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him, 320
Unlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. Ile never tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By Jove if ever I knew man 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accuse him al this while.

Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l sweare too't: 330
Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

Kin. She does abuse our cares, to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
[Exit Widow.]

The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
 And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
 Who hath ~~you~~ ^{you} done as he knowes himselfe,
 Though yet he never harm'd me, heere I quit him.
 He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd, 340
 And at that tinte he got his wife with childe:
 Dead though she be, she feesles her yong one kicke:
 So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
 And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorcist
 Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
 Is't recall that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,
 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, 350
 The name, and not the thing.

Ros. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
 I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
 And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
 When from my finger you can get this Ring,
 And is by me with childe, &c. This is gone,
 Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ros. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
 He love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. 360

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and prove untrue,
 Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
 O my deere mother do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
 [To Parolles] Good Tom Drumme lend me a hand-
 kercher. |

357. *And is:* And are-Rowe.

365-7. 3 ll. ending so, with thee, ones-Dyce.

So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with thee: Let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King Let us from point to point this storie know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
[*To Dianna*] If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower. 371.
For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
Resoldvedly more leasure shall expresse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

[EPILOGUE.]

[*King.*] *The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,
That you expresse Content: which we will pay,
With strift to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.*

Exeunt omn. |

367. *curties*: courtesies-Rowe.

4. *strift*: strife-2-4F

FINIS.

GLOSSARY

ABBREVIATIONS IN GLOSSARIES .

All's Well	All's Well that Ends Well
Ant. & Cleo.	Antony and Cleopatra
As You	As You Like It
Cor.	Coriolanus
Cymb.	Cymbeline
Errors	The Comedy of Errors
Ham.	Hamlet
1 Hen. IV	The First Part of King Henry IV
2 Hen. IV	The Second Part of King Henry IV
Hen. V	The Life of King Henry V
1 Hen. VI	The First Part of King Henry VI
2 Hen. VI	The Second Part of King Henry VI
3 Hen. VI	The Third Part of King Henry VI
Hen. VIII	The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII
John	The Life and Death of King John
Jul. Cæs.	Julius Cæsar
Lear	King Lear
Love. Comp.	A Lover's Complaint
Love's Lab.	Love's Labour's Lost
Lucrece	The Rape of Lucrece
Macb.	Macbeth
Meas. for Meas.	Measure for Measure
Mer. of Ven.	The Merchant of Venice
Mer. Wives	The Merry Wives of Windsor
Mids. Night Dr.	A Midsummer Night's Dream
Much Ado	Much Ado about Nothing
Oth.	Othello
Pass. Pilg.	The Passionate Pilgrim
Per.	Pericles
Phœn. & Tur.	The Phoenix and the Turtle
Rich. II	The Tragedy of King Richard II
Rich. III.	The Tragedy of King Richard III
Rom. & Jul.	Romeo and Juliet
Sonn.	Sonnets
Sonn. Mus.	Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music
Tam. of Shr.	The Taming of the Shrew
Temp.	The Tempest
Tim. of Ath.	Timon of Athens
Tit. And.	Titus Andronicus
Tro. & Cress.	Troilus and Cressida
Tw. Night	Twelfth Night
Two Gen. of Ver.	The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Ven. & Ad.	Venus and Adonis
Wint. Tale	The Winter's Tale

AS YOU LIKE IT

.GLOSSARY

- 4, I. i. 5, for position in sentence. *cf.* Ant. & Cleo., V. ii. 287; V. iii. 15, *an*, I. iii. 72, one; Rom. & Jul., II. iv. 197; II. iv. 92, preposition, 'in' or 'of'; Tw. Night, I. iii. 7; I. i. 116, superfluous before *many*; John, IV. ii. 203.
- Access* (*access*), I. i. 93, stress on first syllable, *ac'cess*.
- Accord*, V. iv. 136, consent; Tw. Gen. of Ven., I. iii. 93.
- Acres*, V. iii. 23, fields; Temp., IV. i. 90.
- Action*, IV. iii. 12, three syllables, *ac'tion*.
- Address* (*address'd*), V. iv. 161, prepared; Per., II. iii. 94.
- Adventure*, II. iv. 47, luck; John, V. v. 26.
- Against*, IV. i. 146, before; Rich. II, III. iv. 33.
- Aliena*, I. iii. 146, four syllables, stress on third, *al-ee-a'na*; V. i. 19, second and third syllables run together, making a trisyllable.
- Allottery*, I. i. 72, allotted portion.
- Along*, II. i. 34, III. ii. 236, at length; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 132.
- Am*, III. v. 137, the usage of the passive for the active form of the verb belongs to Sh.'s time; Rich. III, II. iv. 26.
- Amaze*, I. ii. 106, confuse; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 291.
- Amiens*, II. i. 33, stress on first syllable, second and third run together, making a dissyllable.
- Anatomize* (*anatomise*), I. i. 152, II. vii. 60, expose; All's Well, IV. iii. 33.
- And*, IV. i. 32, 40, if; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 196.
- Answered*, II. vii. 105, length of three syllables, *an-sur-ed*; satisfied; Jul. Cæs., V. i. 3.
- Antike*, II. i. 35, fantastic; Ham., I. v. 158.
- Antique*, II. iii. 60, ancient.
- Any*, I. ii. 115, any one.
- A-part* (*apart*), I. i. 30, IV. iii. 48, aside; Wint. Tale, II. ii. 18.
- Are*, I. ii. 151, the verb 'be' is used for 'have' in the perfect tense of certain intransitive verbs. *cf.* *am* above.
- Argument*, I. ii. 279, reason; Tw. Night, III. iii. 14.
- As*, IV. iii. 153, redundant before *hen*: depending on *recountment*.
- Assaid* (*assay'd*), I. iii. 137, attempted; *cf.* All's Well, III. vii. 51.
- At large*, V. iv. 175, of great extent; Tim. & Cæs., I. iii. 260.
- Atomies*, III. ii. 228, *atomyrs*, III. v. 16, atoms; Rom. & Jul., I. iv. 60.
- Attene* (*atone*), V. iv. 114, agree; Cor., IV. vi. 43.
- Bandy*, V. i. 58, contend; Rom. & Jul., III. i. 50.
- Banquet* (*banquet*), II. v. 61, dessert with wine; Tam. of Shr., V. ii. 14.
- Barre* (*bar*), I. i. 21, V. iv. 158, forbid, prevent; All's Well, II. i. 165.
- Bat'tet*, II. iv. 51, small bat or club for beating linen.
- Beggerly*, II. v. 29, like those of a beggar.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Beholding, IV. i. 60, beholden, indebted: Mer. of Ven., I. iii. 109.
Bestowes (*bestows*), IV. iii. 91, carries; cf. Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 90.
Better, III. i. 4, greater; v. 81, more favorably.
Bills (*bills*), I. ii. 118, pikes, halberts; Much Ado, III. iii. 42.
Blond (*blood*), I. i. 48, relationship; II. iii. 40, natural affection; Macb., II. iii. 175; V. iv. 63, high temper; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 85.
Bob, II. vii. 59, blow.
Bolt, V. iv. 69, blunt arrow; Hen. V, III. vii. 126.
Bonnet, III. ii. 365, hat, used for man's as well as woman's head gear; Mer. of Ven., I. ii. 71.
Bonnie (*bonny*), II. iii. 10, stout; 2 Hen. VI. V. ii. 14.
Bottom, IV. iii. 83, meadow, valley; 1 Hen. IV, III. i. 115.
Bounden, I. ii. 286, indebted; John, III. iii. 32.
Bounds, II. iv. 88, boundaries, extent; Wint. Tale, III. ii. 53.
Bow, III. iii. 74, yoke.
Brave, III. iv. 44, fine; Tam. of Shr., In. i. 44.
Braverie (*bravery*), II. vii. 84, finery; Tam. of Shr., IV. iii. 63.
Breath'd (*breathed*), I. ii. 211, started, in career; Tam. of Shr., In. ii. 50.
Breathes, III. ii. 274, living being; Ant. & Cleo., III. iii. 29.
Breed, I. i. 8, bring up, educate; cf. Mer. of Ven., II. i. 2.
Briefe (*brief*), IV. iii. 157, usual for 'in brief'; cf. John, V. vi. 27.
Broke, II. iv. 42, common usage for 'broken away.'
Brotherly, I. i. 151, as a brother, adverb; Cymb., IV. ii. 207.
Brow, III. ii. 211, face; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 84.
Bugle, III. v. 52, bead of black glass; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 254.
Burgers (*burghers*), II. i. 26, free citizens; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 13.
Burthen (*burden*), III. ii. 243, base accompaniment; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 70.
But, III. ii. 248, iv. 8, unless, with-

out; Rich. III, I. iv. 135; I. ii. 240, II. iv. 94, vii. 5, only, just; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 174.
Butcherie (*butchery*), II. iii. 30, slaughterhouse.
By, V. iv. 186, with.
Calling, I, ii. 228, name.
Capable, III. v. 26, sensitive; Ham., III. iv. 135.
Cast, III. iv. 18, cast off; Hen. VIII, I. iii. 62.
Celia, I. iii. 71, 136, three syllables, *Ce-lia*.
Censure, IV. i. 9, 187, criticism; Hen. VIII, I. i. 44.
Character (*character*), III. ii. 8, write or cut.
Chapt, II. iv. 52, chapped; 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 277.
Churlish, II. iv. 85, ungenerous; John, II. i. 266.
Cicatrice, III. v. 26, mark.
Clap into, V. iii. 12, begin briskly.
Coate (*cote*), II. iv. 89, III. ii. 406, cottage.
Cods, II. iv. 54, peas.
Colour, I. ii. 98, kind; Lear, II. ii. 145.
Combine, V. iv. 154, bind; cf. combined, Meas. for Meas., IV. iii. 160.
Come your waies (*ways*), I. ii. 202, come on; All's Well, II. i. 109.
Comfort, II. vi. 7, encourage thyself is the object of both *comfort* and *cheere*.
Commenting, II. i. 70, stress on first syllable.
Common, I. iii. 123, an adverb, colloquial usage.
Compact, II. vii. 7, composed; Tit. And., V. iii. 97.
Conceits (*conceits*), II. vi. 10, imagination; Tim. of Ath., V. iv. 19; V. ii. 56, intelligence; 2 Hen. IV, II. iv. 238.
Cond (*conned*), III. ii. 267, learned by heart; cf. *con*, Mids. Night Dr., I. ii. 96.
Condition, I. ii. 264, temper; Mer. of Ven., I. ii. 206.
Conducs, V. iv. 169, leadership; cf. John, IV. ii. 133.
Conference, I. ii. 257, conversation; Tam. of Shr., II. i. 276.

GLOSSARY

- Confiner*, II. i. 27, stress on second syllable, *con-fines'*; not always so in Sh.
- Cony* (*cony*), III. f. 329, rabbit; *Con*, IV. v. 219.
- Conjunct*, II. ii. 3, conspiring, conniving; cf. *Love's Lab.*, V. ii. 573.
- Constant*, II. iii. 60, faithful; *Mer. of Ven.*, II. vi. 64; III. v. 329, uniform; *Ven. & Ad.*, 967.
- Contemplation*, II. i. 69, five syllables, *con-tem-pla-ti-on*.
- Content*, III. ii. 74, adjective, contented, patient.
- Contriver*, IV. iii. 142, plot; cf. *Ham.*, IV. vii. 120.
- Contriver*, I. i. 142, plotter; *Macb.*, III. v. 10.
- Convert* (*converted*), V. ii. 63, associated; *Y. L.* of *Ven.*, III. iv. 14.
- Convertiles*, V. iv. 190, converts; *John*, V. i. 22.
- Cope*, I. i. 73, encounter, engage; *Tro. & Cres.*, I. ii. 37.
- Copulatives*, V. iv. 61, couples seeking marriage.
- Cousen* (*cousin*), I. iii. 44, kinswoman, niece; *Tw. Night*, I. iii. 7; IV. iii. 108, kinsman, nephew; *Ham.*, I. ii. 70.
- Could*, I. ii. 244, would gladly; cf. II. iv. 7; *Much Ado*, III. v. 22.
- Countenance*, I. i. 20, patronage; *Jul. Cæs.*, I. iii. 177.
- Counter*, II. vii. 67, mock count; *Jul. Cæs.*, IV. iii. 89.
- Courtship*, III. ii. 335, court manners; *Rich.* II. I. iv. 25.
- Cover*, II. v. 21, lay the table; cf. *Mer. of Ven.*, III. v. 53; III. iii. 72, V. i. 20, put on the hat.
- Cox*, I. ii. 3, 25, cousin; *Rom. & Jul.*, I. i. 189.
- Crest*, I. ii. 157, the perfect tense of some neuter verbs was made either with 'have' or with 'be'.
- Crowned*, III. ii. 4, two syllables.
- Curtelax* (*curtle ax*), I. iii. 125, cutlass, short sword; *Hen. V.*, IV. ii. 29.
- Deerlie*, *deerely* (*dearly*), I. iii. 30, 33, from the heart; *Ham.*, IV. iii. 42.
- Defying* (*deifying*), III. ii. 350, deifying.
- Diall* (*dial*), II. vii. 23, 36, watch; *All's Well*, II. v. 7.
- Disable*, IV. i. 35, V. iv. 80, disparage; *Mer. of Ven.*, II. vii. 32.
- Disgrace*, I. i. 145, injury; *Sonn.*, 34, l. 8.
- Dishonest*, V. iii. 6, immodest; *Hen. V.*, I. ii. 54.
- Disputable* (*disputable*), II. v. 35, disputatious.
- Disorted*, II. iii. 40, estranged.
- Dog-apes*, II. v. 27, baboons.
- Dole*, I. ii. 125, lamentation, grief; *Per.*, III. prol. 49.
- Dudame*, II. v. 53, perhaps a Celtic refrain.
- Dulcet*, V. iv. 69, sweet-sounding; *Mer. of Ven.*, III. ii. 54.
- Dutie* (*duty*), V. ii. 97, respect, due; *Mids. Night Dr.*, V. i. 108.
- East*, III. ii. 68, eastern, an adjective.
- Eate* (*eat*), II. vii. 94, eaten; *Much Ado*, IV. i. 202.
- Efigies*, II. vii. 201, stress on second syllable, *eff'gies*; image.
- Eine* (*eye*), IV. iii. 54, eyes.
- Enchantingly*, I. i. 163, as if by a spell.
- Estame*, III. v. 53, subdue.
- Entenoms*, II. iii. 17, destroys as by poison; *John*, III. i. 65.
- Envious*, I. ii. 237, II. i. 7, malicious; *Mer. of Ven.*, III. ii. 22.
- Erring*, III. ii. 130, wandering, without guidance; *Ham.*, I. i. 153.
- Estate*, V. ii. 12, settle, bestow; *Mids. Night Dr.*, I. i. 107.
- Exempt*, II. i. 18, cut off; *Hen. VI.*, II. v. 90.
- Evile* (*evil'd*), II. i. 4, V. iv. 170, stress on second syllable.
- Expeditiously*, III. i. 20, expeditiously.
- Extent*, III. i. 10, seizure.
- Extermin'd* (*extermined*), III. v. 94, exterminated, destroyed.
- Extrinity*, IV. i. 7, extravagant use; cf. *Mer. Wives*, IV. ii. 66.

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Faire (fair), III. ii. 95, beauty : Love's Lab., IV. i. 91.
Falcon, III. iii. 75, regularly feminine; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 20.
Falls, III. iv. 7, drops; cf. Temp., II. i. 326.
False, III. ii. 113, out of rhythm; Much Ado, III. iv. 87.
Fancie (fancy), III. v. 33, V. iv. 154, love; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 69, 73.
Fancie-monger (fancy-monger), III. ii. 351, dealer in love.
Fantasy (fantasy), II. iv. 33, V. ii. 95, fancy, blind love.
Fashion, III. ii. 252, the uninflected form is regular before 'sake'; cf. Tw. Night, III. iv. 295.
Favour, IV. iii. 91, V. iv. 32, appearance, look; All's Well, I. i. 100.
Feature, III. iii. 5, shape; Hen. VIII, III. ii. 68.
Feede (feed), II. iv. 58, pasturage.
Fieder, II. iv. 106, shepherd; Ven. & Ad., 446.
Fels (fells), III. ii. 53, pelts or skins; Macb., V. v. 15.
Fleet, I. i. 118, make pass quickly.
Flout, I. ii. 47, III. iii. 95, V. i. 15, mock, jest; Much Ado, V. ii. 107.
Flux (flux), II. i. 57, current; III. ii. 67, discharge; used only here by Sh.
Fond, II. iii. 9, foolishly eager; Rom. & Jul., II. ii. 103.
Fooles (fools), II. i. 25, a fondling term, as possibly in Lear, V. iii. 341; Wint. Tale, II. i. 144.
For, I. i. 53, for the sake of; II. iv. 79, II. vi. 4, vii. 111, for want of; Macb., I. v. 39; III. ii. 121, because; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 98.
Forked, II. i. 27, barbed(?).
Foule (foul), III. iii. 36, v. 67, ugly; John, III. i. 49.
Frailst (frailst), III. v. 15, for the contracted superlative; cf. Macb., II. i. 35, ii. 6, III. iv. 156.
Free, II. vii. 89, guiltless; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 295.
Friendly, III. v. 65, like a friend, adverbial; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 141.

Education, II. vii. 83, three syllables; office, employment; Tw. Night, IV. i. 9.
Furnish'd (furnished), III. ii. 241, V. iv. 213, dressed; All's Well, IV. v. iii. 25.
Gamester, I. i. 160, merry fellow, one fond of sport; Tagn. of Shr., II. ii. 428.
Gauled (galled), II. vii. 54, two syllables; pained.
Gentility, I. i. 23, gentle birth.
Gesture, V. ii. 65, demeanor; Temp., III. iii. 51.
Grant, IV. iii. 38, monstrous; cf. Hen. VIII, I. ii. 256.
Glances, II. vii. 61, glancing strokes.
God bly you, III. ii. 254, IV. i. 32, V. iii. 41, God be with you, goodbye.
God ye good ev'n (even), V. i. 17, 'give' is omitted; cf. Rom. & Jul., II. iv. 105, 106.
Goddidd, III. iii. 70, God reward; cf. Ant. & Cleo., IV. ii. 44.
Give (ge) to, IV. i. 125, come, begin, as an exhortation; All's Well, V. ii. 54.
Goths (Goths), III. iii. 8, pronounced like *grats* in I. 7; cf. *moth*, like *mote*, John, IV. i. 102.
Grace, III. v. 106, favor, good fortune; Meas. for Meas., I. iv. 75.
Grace, I. i. 146, V. ii. 61, win favor for; Hen. V, III. vi. 27.
Gracious, I. ii. 183, favored; Hen. VI, III. iii. 136.
Grafte (graft), III. ii. 117, graft; cf. Hen. IV, V. iii. 5.
Gravel'd (gravelled), IV. i. 73, stuck on a shoal, stranded.
Grew upon, I. i. 85, become dangerous to; cf. Tam. of Shr. II. i. 25.
Gondello (gondola), IV. i. 30, gondola.
Had rather, II. iv. 14, good English, with an origin similar to 'had as lief,' see *Liefe*.
Handkercher, IV. iii. 102, V. ii. 30, handkerchief; the spelling shows the pronunciation of the time.

GLOSSARY

Hard favour'd (*hard-favoured*), III. iii. 27, with an ugly face; Hen. V. II. i. 12; cf. *Favour*.
Harm (*harm*), III. ii. 74, ill-fortune; Much Ado, V. i. 42.
Have with you, I. ii. 216, take me with you, I'll go; Mer. Wives, II. i. 143.
Having, III. ii. 363, property; Tw. Night, III. iv. 143.
He, III. v. 379, man; Tam. of Shr., III. ii. 234; I. i. 162, him; such mistakes of case are not uncommon in Sh.; cf. I. ii. 18.
Headed, II. vii. 71, grown to a head, like a boil.
Heads, II. i. 27, arrow heads.
Her, IV. iii. 115, for 'us', not well established in use till after Sh.
Him, I. i. 46, for whom; Ant. & Cleo., III. i. 19.
Hindes (*hinds*), I. i. 21, menials; Rom. & Jul., I. i. 65.
His, II. vii. 172, the old form, just being displaced by 'us' in the time of Sh.
Holla, III. ii. 240, whoa! stop'; Oth. I. ii. 71.
Honest, I. ii. 39, III. iii. 26, virtuous; Mer. Wives, IV. ii. 97.
Honored, V. iv. 146, three syllables.
Hooping, III. ii. 191, shouting in amarement; cf. Hen. V. II. ii. 111.
Hose, II. iv. 9, vii. 169, III. ii. 305, breeches.
House (*hour*), V. iv. 15, length of two syllables.
Humorous, I. ii. 266, II. iii. 10, capricious; John, III. i. 126, IV. i. 20, fanciful (?).
Hurling, IV. iii. 138, noise of battle; cf. Jul. Cæs., II. ii. 27.
Hyen, IV. i. 150, hyena.
I, I. i. 461, II. iv. 181, 21, IV. i. 174, 179, ay, yes; IV. iii. 101, in.
I, I. ii. 14, me; common usage for the objective, so also 'he' for 'him'; III. ii. 154, irregularly followed by an infinitive instead of the finite verb.
Ill-favour'd, III. v. 58, V. iv. 63, ugly; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 62. See *Hard-favoured*.
Ill-favouredly, I. ii. 40, III. ii. 259,

without beauty or grace; Hen. V. IV. ii. 48.
Imbossed, II. vii. 71, three syllables; swollen; Lear, II. iv. 246.
Importunes, I. i. 92, stress on second syllable, *im-por'-tunes*; demands pressingly; Love's Lab., II. i. 35.
Impressure, III. v. 26, impression; Tw. Night, II. v. 91.
In, II. iii. 52, used irregularly after *apply*.
Incontinent, V. ii. 41, immediately.
Inde, III. ii. 62; perhaps pronounced with long 'i,' rhyming with *linde*; India, the Indies.
Indented, IV. iii. 118, winding; cf. Ven. & Ad., 704.
Inhabited, III. iii. 9, housed.
In land, II. vii. 102, country.
Innuate, V. iv. 212, try to gain favor; Ven. & Ad., 1012.
Inso much, V. ii. 58, in so much as, since; not used elsewhere by Sh.
Instances, II. vii. 165, sayings; Much Ado, V. ii. 71.
Intendment, I. i. 132, intention; Ven. & Ad., 222.
Intelligence, I. iii. 50, acquaintance.
Intermission, II. vii. 35, five syllables.
Intriated (*entreated*), I. ii. 145, entreated.
Invective, II. i. 63, with invective, bitterly.
Intention, II. v. 47, IV. iii. 33, 38, gift of composition; Tw. Night, V. i. 352.
Irkes (*irks*), II. i. 25, grieves; Hen. VI. II. ii. 9.
It, I. i. 132, used contemptuously for 'he'; Mer. of Ven., III. iii. 21.
Jakes, II. i. 45, 48, 52, II. v. 12, 21, one syllable, *Jakes*; II. i. 30, V. iv. 202, apparently two syllables, *J-a-kes*.
Jarres (*jars*), II. vii. 7, discordant sounds.
Just, III. ii. 260, exactly, for omission of 'so', cf. Meas. for Meas., III. i. 78.
Justly, I. ii. 240, exactly; Hen. V. II. i. 158

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Kind (*kind*), II. i. 31, manner; Much Ado, II. i. 63, IV. iii. 63, nature; Jul. Cæs., I. iii. 73.
Kindle, I. i. 167, incite; John, I. i. 39; *kindled*, III. ii. 330, born.
Knoll'd, II. vii. 121, *knowld*, II. vii. 128, called by a bell.

Lacke (*lack*), IV. i. 171, feel the lack of; All's Well, I. ii. 80.

Learne (*learn*), I. ii. 7, teach; Rom. & Jul., III. ii. 13.

Leere (*leer*), IV. i. 66, complexion; Tit. And., IV. ii. 125.

Lief (*lief*), I. i. 141, III. ii. 251, willingly; 'lief' was originally an adjective agreeing with the object of 'had,' and meant the 'dear' or 'preferred thing.'

Lik'd (*liked*), V. iv. 222, pleased; Tam. of Shr., IV. iv. 65.

Like, V. iv. 53, was likely; cf. *had likt*, Much Ado, V. i. 129.

Linn'd, II. vii. 202, drawn; cf. Ven. & Ad., 290.

Linde (*lined*), III. ii. 92, drawn.

Lively, V. iv. 32, life-like; Tim. of Ath., I. i. 53.

Living, III. ii. 398, real or actual; Oth., III. iii. 470.

Long, V. iv. 196, adverb with *deserved*.

Looke (*look*), II. v. 31, look for; All's Well, III. vi. 112.

Loose, III. v. 109, let fall; All's Well, II. iii. 177.

Lover, III. iv. 42, mistress; Two Gen. of Ver., I. i. 113.

Low, IV. iii. 92, short in stature; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 318.

Lustie (*lusty*), III. v. 127, bright, fresh; Temp., II. i. 56.

Make, I. i. 32, II. iii. 6, III. ii. 217, do; Ham., II. ii. 300; IV. i. 156, shut; Errors, III. i. 129; IV. iii. 65, earn, get profit; Errors, I. ii. 27.

Manage (*manage*), I. i. 15, training, word of command; Hen. VIII, V. iii. 38.

Manners, I. ii. 271, III. ii. 42, morals; All's Well, I. i. 64.

Mannish, I. iii. 129, male.

Marked, II. i. 45, two syllables; noticed.

Marry, I. i. 32, a mild oath, orig-

inally the name of the Virgin Mary; All's Well, III. v. 48.

Materiall (*material*), III. iii. 30, sensible.

Matter, II. i. 74, V. iii. 37, *being*, meaning; Ham., II. ii. 106.

Measure, V. iv. 50, 185, 199, a kind of dance; All's Well, II. i. 64.

Mende (*meed*), II. iii. 61, reward; Rich. III, 9. iv. 283.

Memorie (*memory*), II. iii. 4, *re-* minder; Jul. Cæs., III. ii. 144.

Mettle, II. vii. 86, substance; the same word as 'metal.'

Mewling, II. vii. 153, *whining*.

Might, III. v. 85, *of might*, of force, formidable.

Might, I. ii. 177, 'may' should properly follow the present *make*, 176.

Mines, I. i. 27, *undermines*, taps; Ham., III. iv. 158.

Misconsiders, I. ii. 205, stress on second syllable; *misconsues*; Mer. of Ven., II. ii. 184.

Misprised, I. i. 164, *is*, 176, under-rated; All's Well, III. ii. 31.

Mockeable (*mockable*), III. ii. 47, ridiculous.

Mocks (*mocks*), III. v. 38, derision; Much Ado, III. i. 84.

Moderne (*modern*), II. vii. 165, IV. i. 8, commonplace, ordinary; All's Well, II. iii. 3.

More, III. ii. 258, *more*, used only for the plural; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 117.

Moment, III. v. 27, moments, time.

Moonish, III. ii. 39, fickle.

Moral, II. vii. 32, moralizing;

Lear, IV. ii. 42[5].
Moralize, II. i. 49, draw a moral from, expound; Tam. of Shr., IV. iv. 88.

More, III. ii. 60, iii. 58, used redundantly with the comparative; Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 264.

Mortall (*mortal*), II. iv. 57, perhaps 'extreme,' near to death.

Motley, II. vii. 37, parti-colored clothing.

Mutton, III. ii. 55, sheep; Mer. of Ven., I. iii. 172.

My, I. ii. 3, iii. 68, III. ii. 192, put out of place after the adjective instead of before it, not un-

GLOSSARY

- commonly; *cf.* *Jul. Cæs.*, II. i. 283.
- Myself* (*myself*) alone, III. ii. 256, by myself.
- Napkin*, IV. iii. 98, 140, 163, handkerchief; *Tam. of Shr.*, I. i. 138.
- Natural* (*natural*), I. ii. 50, foolish, idiotic; *Tw. Night*, I. 20.
- Nature*, III. i. 12, office.
- Naught*, I. ii. 64, III. ii. 17, bad, worthless; *Much Ado*, V. i. 168.
- Necessary* (*necessary*), III. iii. 48, unavoidable; *Jul. Cæs.*, II. ii. 42.
- Needless* (*needless*), II. i. 51, not needing.
- New-faine* (*new-faine*), V. iv. 182, newly come to us.
- New-fangled*, IV. i. 146, fond of new fashions.
- Nice*, IV. i. 16, fastidious; *Tam. of Shr.*, III. i. 80.
- Nor*, I. ii. 18, II. iii. 53, III. v. 20, V. i. 100, reinforced by the following negative: so also, II. iv. 12.
- Note*, II. v. 46, V. iii. 57, tune; *Love's Lab.*, III. i. 15.
- Nuptial* (*nuptial*), V. ii. 46, the singular is regular in *Sh.*; *Rom. & Jul.*, I. v. 40, plural only in *Per.*, V. iii. 79.
- Obscured*, V. iv. 40, three syllables.
- Observance*, III. ii. 230, attention; *All's Well*, III. ii. 6, V. ii. 97, 99, deep respect; *All's Well*, II. v. 38.
- Observation*, II. vii. 44, five syllables, *ob-ser-va-tion*.
- Occasion*, IV. i. 168, cause, her husband's occasion, occasioned by her husband; *Cymb.*, IV. ii. 256.
- Oath*, *oaths*, III. v. 48, IV. iii. 20, originally, 'God is' or 'God's', at the beginning of oaths; *Mer. Wives*, I. iv. 59; *cf.* *Much Ado*, IV. ii. 54.
- Of*, I. ii. 5, consenting and allowing; IV. 46; vii. 6, the partitive instead of the direct object, as in 'knowing of,' 'hearing of,' etc.; III. ii. 30, the lack of; III. ii. 333, iii. 84, by.
- Offer* *st*, V. iv. 173, *offer'st* fairly, makest fair offerings.
- Often*, IV. i. 20, used as an adjective only in this place by *Sh.*; *cf.* *oft*, *Sonn.* 14. 8.
- Old*, II. i. 5, long-continued, familiar; *Lea.*, III. vii. 123.
- On*, I. i. 7, ii. 282, a form of asseveration.
- Only* (*only*), I. ii. 186, modifying *st*; *cf.* *Jul. Cæs.*, V. iv. 16; V. iii. 13, the *only* for 'only the,' often so misplaced.
- Outface*, I. iii. 130, brave out, *Bluff Mer. of Ven.*, IV. ii. 21.
- Painted cloth*, III. ii. 268, tapestry hangings; for the adverbial use of the substantive phrase, *cf.* III. ii. 210, 211. *John*, II. i. 488.
- Pantalone* (*Pantalon*), II. vii. 163, old dotard; *Tam. of Shr.*, III. i. 37.
- Part*, *parts*, *parted*, II. v. 131, particulars, separate parts, *Oth.*, I. iii. 177.
- Part*, II. vii. 150, leopard; *Temp.*, IV. i. 263.
- Perilous*, III. ii. 43, perilous; *Mids. Night Dr.*, III. ii. 14.
- Parts*, I. ii. 247, II. ii. 15, gifts, qualities; *Mer. of Ven.*, I. ii. 41, II. ii. 173.
- Passing*, III. v. 145, exceedingly; *Tam. of Shr.*, III. ii. 26.
- Pathetic* (*pathetical*), IV. i. 184, half fondlingly pitiful, as one says 'paltry or poor little thing'; *Love's Lab.*, I. ii. 92, IV. i. 175.
- Patience*, I. iii. 82, three syllables.
- Pea-pod*, II. iv. 51, pea-pod; *Mids. Night Dr.*, III. i. 194.
- Perish*, III. v. 116, saucy, impudent; *Errors*, IV. iv. 127.
- Perpend*, III. ii. 66, consider; *Ham.*, II. ii. 125.
- Persuade*, V. ii. 6, stress on second syllable, *persuad*; *All's Well*, III. vii. 43.
- Persuaded* (*persuaded*), I. ii. 190, tried to dissuade; *1 Hen. VI.*, V. iii. 13.

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- Petitionary*, III. ii. 187, entreating; Cor., V. ii. 77.
- Physicks (physic)*, I. i. 86, cure by giving a medicine; Mach., II. iii. 56.
- Picke (pick-purse)*, III. iv. 25, pick pocket, thief; Love's Lab., IV. iii. 223.
- Place*, II. iii. 30, dwelling place; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 81.
- Please*, I. i. 92, u. 152, the subject it is understood; the object *you* has been made subject in the modern phrase, 'if you please.'
- Poke (poke)*, II. vii. 23, pocket.
- Point device*, III. ii. 368, affectedly precise; Love's Lab., V. i. 21.
- Poor (poor)*, I. i. 5, transposed with the article, Ant. & Cleo., V. ii. 287.
- Pov'rtie (poverty)*, I. iii. 69, I, being poor; for the concrete use, cf. Lear, III. iv. 52.
- Power*, V. iv. 161, armed force; Jul. Cæs. IV. iii. 195.
- Practice*, I. i. 146, plot, usually with 'on' or 'upon'; Tam. of Shr., In. i. 40.
- Practises (practices)*, II. iii. 29, plots; Hen. V. II. ii. 147.
- Prayers (prayers)*, IV. iii. 59, two syllables.
- Presentation*, V. iv. 109, outward show; Rich. III. IV. iv. 87.
- Prevents*, IV. i. 61, forestalls, Mer. of Ven., 68.
- Prin cesse (princess)*, I. ii. 160, perhaps for *princes*, as *them* in the next line would imply.
- Priser (priser)*, II. iii. 10, prize fighter.
- Private*, II. vii. 75, particular; Sonn. 9, l. 7. III. ii. 18, lonely; Rom. & Jul., I. i. 140.
- Profil*, I. i. 9, improvement; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 40.
- Promotion*, II. iii. 63, four syllables, *pro-mo-tion*.
- Proper*, I. ii. 116, III. v. 36, 60, 121, fine looking; Mer. of Ven., I. ii. 69.
- Provide*, I. iii. 91, supply with what is needed; Ham., III. iii. 9.
- Putty*, III. iv. 43, poor, unskilled.
- Purchase*, III. ii. 332, acquire; Love's Lab., III. i. 27.
- Purgation*, I. iii. 57, vindication.
- Purlous (purlious)*, IV. iii. 81, bordering lands.
- Put*, I. ii. 91, tell; Meas. for Meas., II. ii. 161.
- Quintine (quintain)*, I. ii. 249, a lay-figure for practice in tilting.
- Quintessence*, III. ii. 129, stress on first and third syllables; rarefied essence; Ham., II. ii. 338.
- Quip*, V. iv. 79, tart answer; Gen. of Ver., IV. ii. 14.
- Quotidian*, III. ii. 352, a fever with daily paroxysms; Hen. V. II. i. 113.
- Ragged*, II. v. 16, rough; 2 Hen. IV. I. i. 107.
- Raile (rail)*, I. i. 62, II. v. 58, vii. 19, III. ii. 272, used more often by Sh. with 'on' or 'against,' as here, than with 'at.'
- Ranckness (rankness)*, I. i. 56, insolence, exuberance, Hen. VIII. IV. i. 59.
- Rang (ring)*, V. iii. 21, for exchanging rings.
- Ranke (rank)*, III. ii. 99, order, gait (?).
- Ranber*, IV. i. 83, grown greater; cf. Ham., III. iv. 192.
- Rasall (rascal)*, III. iii. 52, lean worthless deer; 2 Hen. IV. V. iv. 36.
- Rare*, III. ii. 71, green, ignorant; Rich. II. II. iii. 43.
- Reason*, I. ii. 54, talk; Mer. of Ven., II. viii. 10.
- Reckoning*, III. iii. 13, bill, charge (?).
- Recountments*, IV. iii. 146, tales.
- Recover'd*, IV. iii. 159, restored; All's Well, III. ii. 21.
- Religious*, III. ii. 334, V. iv. 165, belonging to a religious order; Much Ado, IV. i. 251.
- Remorse*, I. iii. 74, pity; Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 25.
- Removed*, III. ii. 332, retired, remote; Wint. Tale, V. ii. 206; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 163.
- Render*, IV. iii. 128, represent; All's Well, I. iii. 236.
- Reputation*, II. vii. 161, five syllables, *repu-ta-tion*.
- Resolve*, III. ii. 298, find the answer to; Tam. of Shr., IV. ii. 9.

GLOSSARY

Returned, V. iv. 180, three syllables.
Reverence, I. i. 33, in reflexive sense for 'the respect due him'; cf. Tim. of Ath., V. i. 67.
Right, III. ii. 97, 120, 268, true, genuine; Tam. of Shr., V. ii. 132.
Ripe, IV. iii. 92, full grown; Mids. Night Dr., II. ii. 124.
Rosalinde (*Rosalind*), III. ii. 89, etc., long 'i' as in 'maud'.
Roundly, V. ii. 12, without ceremony; Tam. of Shr., IV. iv. 111.
Roynish, II. ii. 10, vulgar.
Sad, III. ii. 148, 219, serious; Much Ado, II. i. 327.
Safest, I. iii. 41, deceptive for 'which will bring safety.'
Sale worke (*work*), III. v. 48, ready-made goods.
Sang, II. vii. 35, 175, without; Love's Lab., V. i. 83; used as an English word, at this time.
Sauce, III. v. 72, be very to; still having the idea of pungent flavoring; Mer. Wives, IV. iii. 11, 13.
Sawes (*saws*), II. vii. 163, *saw*, III. v. 85, moral sayings, maxims.
Scap, III. ii. 84, escape; Tam. of Shr., II. i. 214.
Schools (*schools*), I. i. 9, probably the university; Love's Lab., IV. ii. 37.
Scrip, III. ii. 160, wallet, pouch.
Seeks (*seeks*), V. i. 65, the singular for the plural verb, call for.
Seeming, V. iv. 74, properly, in a seemingly manner.
Seemight (*seemight*), III. ii. 107, week; *seemight*, Macb., I. iii. 25.
Senseless, II. vii. 59, insensible; Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 147.
Sentence, III. ii. 136, the possessive ending omitted for euphony, as often before 'sake.'
Sententions, V. iv. 68, full of apt sayings; Love's Lab., V. i. 1.
Sequestred, II. i. 37, separated from his mates; Tit. & And., II. iii. 89.
Shadow, IV. i. 208, shady place

Sheaf (*sheaf*), III. ii. 107, used as a verb, to make into sheaves.
Shee (*she*), III. ii. 12, lady, mistress; Hen. V. II. i. 74.
Should, III. ii. 172, having the sense of happening as past instead of future, happened to; Hen. V. I. i. 59.
Should'st, I. ii. 221, would'st.
Show, I. iii. 85, appear; Mer. of Ven. II. ii. 120.
Shrew'd (*shrewd*), V. iv. 179, hard, harsh; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 185.
Simple, IV. i. 18, ingredient, usually herbs; Ham., IV. vii. 130.
Simply, III. ii. 363, IV. i. 193, indeed, absolutely; Tw. Night, I. iii. 114.
Sir, III. iii. 30, title of the clergy; Meas. for Meas., I. iii. 10; Tw. Night, IV. ii. 4.
Sirrah, III. ii. 150, IV. iii. 176, address used to persons of low degree or to one's self in schollogay; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 18; Rom. & Jul., I. v. 33.
So, I. i. 92, II. ii. 11, III. ii. 12, IV. ii. 12, if, provided; All's Well, IV. iii. 244.
Sudden (*sudden*), II. vii. 160, hasty, impetuous; Macb., IV. iii. 71, V. ii. 8, 9, hasty; Much Ado, I. i. 304.
Suddenly (*suddenly*), I. ii. 263, II. ii. 21, IV. 107, quickly; Love's Lab., II. i. 117, 118.
Such, III. ii. 176, truth seriousness; John, IV. i. 117.
Sorts, I. i. 163, classes of men; Tit. And., I. i. 200.
Spide (*speed*), I. ii. 203, divine helper, patron saint; Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 206.
Spence (*spence*), IV. i. 24, mood, caprice; Tam. of Shr., III. ii. 12.
Spoke, I. i. 84, spoken, which is also used by Sh.; Love's Lab., V. ii. 110; Much Ado, V. ii. 44.
Squandering, II. vii. 61, random.
Stagger, III. iii. 46, waver, hesitate; Mer. Wives, III. iii. 13.
States (*stars*), I. ii. 11, detain; *state* (*stay*), I. iii. 71, detain; Two Gen. of Ver., II. ii. 18.
Staking-herse, V. iv. 108, a figure used as a screen in shooting birds.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Stand, II. iv. 97, agree, be consistent; Tam. of Shr., IV. iv. 53.
Stanza, II. v. 30, stanza; used by Sh. only here and in the form *stanse*, Love's Lab., IV. ii. 116.
Stay, III. ii. 206, wait for; Two Gen. of Ver., II. ii. 16.
Sticks, I. ii. 233, pierces; Tro. & Cres., III. ii. 198.
Still, I. ii. 220, always; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 145.
Still, V. iv. 111, low, faint.
Stir, I. iii. 121, excite; Wint. Tale, V. iii. 92.
Strait (straight), II. i. 75, III. v. 143, at once; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 35.
Strong, IV. iii. 160, recovered, strengthened.
Successfully (successfully), I. ii. 149, likely to succeed, adverb for adjective; cf. I. ii. 40.
Suff'd, II. vii. 138, satisfied, supplied; John, I. i. 201.
Suites (suite), I. ii. 243, following, service; Love's Lab., V. ii. 308.
Sure, V. iv. 118, firmly united; Mer. Wives, V. v. 229.
Swashing, I. iii. 128, swaggering, bold.
Sweate (sweat), II. iii. 61, past tense; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 210.
Swift, V. iv. 68, quick-witted, Much Ado, III. i. 94.
Swore, V. iv. 104, swore to be.
Synode (synod), III. ii. 150, divine assembly; Ham., II. ii. 517.
Take, IV. ii. 16, feel; Hen. V. IV. vii. 109.
Take up, V. iv. 101, settle; Tw. Night, III. iv. 292.
Tane (ta'en), IV. iii. 7, V. iv. 54, taken; Tam. of Shr., IV. ii. 41.
'taken' is also used; Lear, I. iv. 324.
Taxation, I. ii. 81, satire.
Taxe (tax), II. vii. 75, III. ii. 339, reproach; All's Well, I. i. 70.
Temper'd (tempered), I. ii. 14, conditioned, disposed; Rom. & Jul., III. iii. 134.
Tender, V. ii. 72, value; Tw. Night, V. i. 131.

That, I. iii. 45, 52, redundant with *if*; 123, with *because*; II. vii. 77, with *till*; 41. vii. 79, IV. iii. 122, with *when*; III. v. 100, with *since*.
That, I. ii. 22, IV. i. 201, so that; Tam. of Shr., Va. ii. 60.
Thither, I. i. 168, therein.
Thought, IV. i. 24, melancholy; Ham., IV. v. 196, or, perhaps 'love'; Two Gen. of Ver., 73.
Thrasonical (thrasonical), V. ii. 34, boastful; Love's Lab., IV. i. 24.
Thriftie (thrifty), II. ii. 42, used proleptically with *him* instead of 'thriftily' with *saved*.
Touches, III. ii. 152, V. iv. 32, traits; Tro. & Cres., III. iii. 181.
Toward, V. iv. 31, hand; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 73.
Trifling, III. iii. 71, trifling matter.
Traversers (traverses), III. iv. 42, stress on first syllable; across.
Troth, I. ii. 85, word of honor.
Turne (turn), III. i. 9, return; Rich., III. IV. iv. 126.
Unbashfull (unbashful), II. iii. 53, shameless.
Unconth, II. vi. 8, strange and terrifying; Tit. And., II. iii. 212.
Unexpressive, III. ii. 22, unexpressible.
Unhandsome, V. iv. 206, unseemly; Hen. IV, I. iii. 43.
Unkinde (unkind), II. vii. 187, unnatural; Tit. And., I. i. 107.
Unquestionable, III. ii. 361, averse to conversation.
Unto, I. ii. 231, in addition to.
Untreasur'd, II. ii. 9, robbed of its treasure; used here only, by Sh.
Untunable, V. iv. 37, untuneful.
Up, II. i. 67, intensive with *kind*.
Upon, II. iv. 62, after.
Use, II. iii. 20, are wont; Tw. Night, II. v. 92.
Vaine (vain), II. vii. 100, mood; Rich., III. IV. ii. 112[100].
Velvet, II. i. 55, tender, young (?); Love's Lab., III. i. 194.
Vengeance, IV. iii. 52, harm, ill usage; Tit. And., II. iii. 122.

GLOSSARY

- Verity*, III. iv. 26, truthfulness ;
Mach., dV. iii. 107.
Villain (villain), I. i. 57, serf,
 bondman ; *Learn*, III. vii. 96.
Vote, II. iv. 92, vote, right to de-
 cide ; *Mer. of Ven.*, IV. i. 374.
Ware, II. iv. 58, *ware* : 59, wary.
Rom. & Jul., I. i. 126.
Warpe (warp), II. vii. 196, twist
 out of a natural appearance ;
Wint. Tale, I. ii. 422.
Weak (weak), II. vii. 139, caus-
 ing weakness.
Wear (wear), II. vii. 37, fashion.
All's Well, I. i. 212.
Wearing, II. iv. 40, wearying.
All's Well, V. i. 7.
Well-deserved, V. iv. 1*f.* four
 syllables, *see record*.
Were, III. iii. 84, *were*, I. i. 144,
 originally, impersonal, with the
 pronoun in the dative and the
 adjective agreeing with the im-
 personal subject ; *Jul. Cæs.*, III
 iii. 13.
What, I. i. 120, redundant, to in-
 troduce a question ; *Tam. of Shr.*
 IV. iii. 65, III. iv. 38, why.
What, II. iv. 93, vii. 83, *what* ;
Tam. of Shr., V. i. 20.
Wherein, III. ii. 218, how dressed.
While, II. v. 31, the while, in the
 meantime ; *Temp.*, III. i. 29.
Whiles, II. vii. 115, V. iv. 9, while.
Whom, III. ii. 309, iv. 49, whom.
Winds (wind), III. ii. 90, long *i*,
 as in *mind*.
Winds (wind), III. iii. 92, *wend*,
 go.
Wiser, II. iv. 58, more wisely.
With, I. iii. 2*l.* for, denoting the
 cause ; *cf.* *Temp.*, I. ii. 247 ;
 III. ii. 219, from ; *Rich.* II, II.
 ii. 4.
Withal (withal), I. i. 131, II.
 vii. 52, therewith, with it ; I. ii.
 27, III. ii. 409, regularly used for
 'with' at the end of a sentence.
Woe (woe), I. iii. 141, solicit ;
Oth., III. iii. 341.
Working, I. ii. 196, thought, pur-
 pose ; *Love's Lab.*, IV. i. 37.
World, I. ii. 284, circumstances ;
Rich. II, IV. i. 78 ; V. iii. 6,
 married state ; *All's Well*, I. ii.
 20.
Wrestler (wrestler), II. ii. 15,
 taking the time of three syllables.
Wrath, V. ii. 42, passion ; *Cymb.*,
 II. iv. 193.
Years' year, III. ii. 308, V. ii.
 13, the singular with numerals is
 not uncommon ; *Temp.*, I. ii. 65.
Yet, I. ii. 5, modifies *merrier*, *cf.*
Men. VIII, II. iv. 240, *yet not*
could, for 'not yet well'.
Young (young), I. i. 55, new, inex-
 perience ; *Mach.*, III. iv. 175.
You, III. ii. *f.* ethical dative ; *cf.*
Tro. & Cress., I. ii. 173.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

GLOSSARY

- Access* (*access*), I. ii. 277, stress on second syllable.
- Accomplished*, In. i. 123, four syllables, *ac-com-plish-ed*.
- Admirer*, I. ii. 30, reflection. Mer. of Ven., IV. ii. 8.
- Advised* (*advised*), I. i. 191, aware, 2 Hen. IV. I. i. 187.
- Affair* (*affair*), V. ii. 22, 25, *and*.
- Affect*, I. i. 41, incline to. 1 Hen. VI. V. i. 19.
- Affected*, I. i. 27, inclined; Mer. Wives, III. iv. 95.
- Affied*, IV. iv. 52, stress on second syllable, affianced, *of affye*, 2 Hen. VI. IV. i. 81.
- Aglet habit* (*aglet-habit*), I. ii. 81, tag at end of lacing, shaped like human figure.
- Alice* (*al'ce*), In. II. 114, Alice.
- Alla nostra*, Petruccio, I. ii. 25, 30, welcome to our house, much honoured sir Petrus hio.
- Amazed*, II. i. 169, three syllables.
- Amends*, In. ii. 100, recovery.
- Amert*, IV. iii. 40, dejected, 1 Hen. VI. III. ii. 150.
- Ancient*, In. ii. 33, I. ii. 49, former; Cor., IV. i. 6.
- And* (*an*), I. i. 134, if.
- Angel*, IV. ii. 68, genius, spirit (?).
- Anticks* (*antiks*), In. i. 111, buffoon; Tro. & Cres., V. iii. 132.
- Apply*, I. i. 30, use; Meas. for Meas. III. ii. 273.
- Apprent*, I. ii. 4, three syllables.
- Argosie* (*argosy*), II. i. 402, large merchant ship, Mer. of Ven., I. i. 12.
- Armes* (*arms*), II. i. 245, coat-of-arms, Ham., V. i. 34.
- As*, I. ii. 158, II. i. 170, V. ii. 138, as if, In. i. 75, so that; IV. iii. 123, that.
- Asketh*, II. i. 125, requires; Rich. II. II. i. 167.
- Assurance*, II. i. 415, III. ii. 121, IV. ii. 128, etc., legal settlement.
- At a baie hay*, V. ii. 67, at hay.
- Atcherz*, I. i. 124, win; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 215. *Atchieve* (*achieve*), I. i. 161, 228, II. i. 270.
- Awful* (*awful*), V. ii. 152, awe-inspiring, *awefull*, 2 Hen. VI. V. i. 154.
- Aym'd* (*aimed*), II. i. 260, guessed, 3 Hen. VI. III. ii. 81.
- Baite* (*bate*), IV. i. 107, flutter (term of falconry), Hen. V. III. vii. 116.
- Balke* (*baik*), I. i. 15, 'balke logic,' quibble (?).
- Baine* (*baire*), In. i. 52, anoint.
- Banquet* (*banquet*), V. ii. 814, desert, light repast; Rom. & Jul., I. v. 137.
- Baptista*, stress on second syllable, *Bap-tis-ta*.
- Barto*, I. i. 206, enough (Italian).
- Beave-herd* (*beave-herd*), In. ii. 23, keeper of a tame bear; 2 Hen. IV. I. ii. 156.
- Brastly*, IV. ii. 37, adverb.
- Beate* (*beat*), IV. i. 192, flutter the wings, see *Baite*.
- Been* (*ben*) *zennit*, I. ii. 290, welcome (Italian).
- Begunne* (*begunne*), III. ii. 56, gnawed, consumed; Rich. III. I. iii. 231.

TAMING OF THE SHREW

Beholding, I. ii. 282, II. i. 87, beholden, obliged; Mer. of Ven., I. iii. 109.
Belike, In. i. 80, I. i. 110, perhaps, as it seems; Tw. Night, III. iii. 33.
Belov'd, I. ii. 4, three syllables.
Be-mete, IV. iii. 122, apply the measure to
Bemoil'd (*bemoiled*), IV. i. 69, covered with mud.
Bestraught, In. ii. 27, distracted.
Bias, IV. v. 29, weight on one side of a bowl; Rich. II, III. iv. 7.
Biondello, I. i. 216, four syllables, *bee-on-del'-la*.
Bleer'd (*blear'd*), V. i. 120, dimmed; cf. *bleared*, Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 62.
Boord (*board*), I. ii. 97, address; Tw. Night, I. iii. 55.
Boote (*boot*), V. ii. 202, avail; Ant. & Cleo., IV. i. 12.
Bost (*boss'd*), II. i. 381, studded.
Bots, III. ii. 56, worms in the entrails; 1 Hen. IV, II. i. 12.
Bottom (*bottom*), IV. iii. 143, ball.
Bow'd, II. i. 164, bent; Per. IV. ii. 84.
Brach, In. i. 20, scenting-dog or female hound; Lear, III. vi. 31.
Brave, In. i. 44, finely dressed; Temp., III. ii. 12.
Brav'd (*braved*), IV. iii. 134, made fine; IV. iii. 120, 135, V. i. 123, defied; cf. John, IV. iii. 93.
Brav'ry (*brave*), IV. iii. 63, finery.
Braves, III. i. 17, defiance, insolence; John, V. ii. 105.
Breathed, In. ii. 50, full of spirit; Love's Lab., V. ii. 722.
Breeching, III. i. 20, to be flogged; cf. *preaches*, Mer. Wives, IV. i. 72.
Broke, II. i. 153, bruised; All's Well, II. i. 75.
Buckler, III. ii. 239, shield; 3 Hen. VI, III. iii. 115.
Bugs, I. ii. 213, bugbears, *buggy*, Wint. Tale, III. ii. 99.
Burst, I. i. 10, III. ii. 60, IV. i. 74, broken. (Oh. I. i. 95.
But, III. i. 69, IV. iv. 3, unless; Rom. & Jul., II. ii. 81; else-

where in this sense with the indicative.
Butterie (*buttery*), In. i. 112, place in a house where food and liquors were served; cf. *buttery barre* (*buttery-bar*), Tw. Night, I. iii. 68.
Buzz (*buzz*), II. i. 226, hush; Ham., II. ii. 424.
By, I. ii. 144, aside; Much Ado, IV. i. 25.
Caged, In. ii. 38, two syllables.
Carouses (*carouses*), I. ii. 285, toasts; Ant. & Cleo., IV. viii. 42.
Carousing (*carousing*), III. ii. 168, drinking health; Ham., V. ii. 260.
Carpets, IV. i. 47, table cloths.
Censor (*censer*), IV. iii. 100, firepan, brazier, for burning perfumes; 2 Hen. IV, i. iv. 23.
Cernes (*cerns*), V. i. 75, concerns.
Chafed, I. ii. 205, two syllables, infuriated; Tit. And., IV. ii. 144.
Chapelesse (*chapeless*), VII. ii. 49, without the metal end (*chape*).
Charme (*charm*), I. i. 217, IV. ii. 64, bind with a spell; Cymb., IV. iii. 394.
Checks (*checks*), I. i. 71, ethics, austere rules; Mer. Wives, III. iv. 83.
Chide, I. ii. 97, 231, scold; As You, III. v. 69.
Chine, III. ii. 52, back, spine.
Circumstances, V. i. 29, details.
Citherea (*Cytherea*), In. ii. 53, four syllables, *Ci-the-ree'-a*.
Clapt (*clapp'd*), II. i. 352, made by joining the hands; John, III. i. 247.
Close, In. i. 138, secretly; cf. Lear, III. ii. 57.
Cocks (*cock's*), IV. i. 108, God's; cf. *cocke*, Ham., IV. v. 56.
Coffen (*coffin*), IV. iii. 91, raised crust; Tit. And., V. ii. 195.
Commendable, IV. iii. 111, stress on first and third syllables, *com-men-da'-ble*.
Commune, I. i. 107, stress on first syllable, take counsel; Mess. for Mess., IV. iii. 113.
Compass (*compassed*), IV. iii. 146,

GLOSSARY

- wound; *compass'd*, Mer. Wives, III. v. 100.
- Conceives*, V. ii. 3, understands; Temp., IV. i. 37.
- Conditions*, V. ii. 193, characters; Mer. of Ven., I. ii. 126.
- Conformable*, II. i. 304, compliant; Hen. VIII, II. iv. 47.
- Conicatching* (*cony-catching*), IV. i. 41, trickery.
- Conicatcht* (*cony-catched*), V. i. 3, deceived; cf. *cony-catching*, Mer. Wives, I. i. 120.
- Content you*, I. i. 85, 96, II. i. 36), be at ease.
- Contriv'd*, I. ii. 284, while away.
- Contutti...* (*trobbato*), I. ii. 28, welcome, with all my heart.
- Copataine*, V. i. 67, high-crowned.
- Couldst* (*coldest*), In. i. 22, when the scent is faintest; cf. Tw. Night, II. ii. 16.
- Countenance*, IV. i. 89, do honour to.
- Counterpoints*, II. i. 379, counterpanes, coverslets.
- Corcombs*, II. i. 248, ornament on a fool's cap; cf. Lear, I. iv. 97.
- Crab*, II. i. 253, crab-apple; Temp., II. ii. 176.
- Crackhemp* (*crack-hemp*), V. i. 46, fit subject for hanging, rogue.
- Craven*, II. i. 250, coward, beaten cock.
- Credit*, IV. i. 94, do honor to.
- Cried*, In. i. 26, gave the cry as a hunting dog; cf. cry, Mer. Wives, IV. ii. 182; Mids. Night Dr., IV. i. 131.
- Cullion*, IV. ii. 21, base fellow; Hen. V, III. ii. 20.
- Cum privilegio... solus*, IV. iv. 99-100, with exclusive copyright.
- Cunning*, In. i. 102, skill; I. i. 103, II. i. 63, skillful.
- Curious*, IV. iv. 39, over-particular; Ant. & Cleo., III. ii. 42.
- Curst*, I. i. 185, sharp-tongued. Much Ado. II. i. 21.
- Dam*, I. i. 112, *damme*, III. ii. 154, mother.
- Damned*, V. i. 122, two syllables.
- Deceased*, I. ii. 104, three syllables.
- Declining*, In. i. 110, bowed; construe with 'into his bosome.'
- Deepe* (*deep*)-mouth'd, In. i. 21, deep-voiced; John, V. ii. 181.
- Demi cannon* (*demi-cannon*), IV. iii. 97, a kind of ordnance.
- Deniere* (*denier*), In. i. 11, a French coin of very small value.
- Devote*, I. i. 33, devoted; cf. *desect*, Ham., III. i. 166.
- Diaper*, In. i. 61, damask napkin.
- Digresse* (*digress*), III. ii. 104, deviate; Rom. & Jul., III. iii. 146.
- Discontent*, I. i. 85, grief; Meas. for Meas., IV. i. 12.
- Distilled*, In. i. 52, three syllables.
- Dogs-wearie* (*dog-weary*), IV. ii. 67, tired as a dog.
- Dole*, I. i. 144, portion, gift; All's Well, II. iii. 181.
- Domineere* (*domineer*), III. ii. 224, indulge one's self, play the master.
- Fine* (*eyne*), V. i. 120, eyes.
- Embracements*, In. i. 129, embraces; Wint. Tale, V. i. 244.
- Encounter*, IV. v. 59, greeting; As You, II. v. 26.
- Envie* (*Envy*), I. ii. 19, stress on second syllable.
- Esteemed*, In. ii. 233, three syllables.
- Excellent*, In. i. 90, adverb; As You, V. i. 30.
- Expect*, IV. iv. 98, used imperatively, believe.
- Extreme*, II. i. 246, stress on first syllable.
- Fac'd it*, II. i. 433, *face the matter out*, II. i. 315, make a bluff; Hen. V, III. ii. 32.
- Faire* (*fair*), I. i. 18, in good state; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 288; IV. ii. 4, V. ii. 104, substantively, 'good luck'; Love's Lab., II. i. 131.
- Fardingales*, IV. iii. 62, farthingales, hoop petticoats; Mer. Wives, III. iii. 58.
- Fashions*, III. ii. 53, farsins, a skin disease.
- Fault*, In. i. 21, loss of the scent; Tw. Night, II. v. 121.
- Fay*, In. ii. 84, faith; Rom. & Jul., I. v. 145.

TAMING OF THE SHREW

Fears (fear), I. ii. 213, frighten ; Mer. of Ven., II. i. 14.
Fidler (fiddler), II. i. 171, three syllables.
Fine, II. iii. 343, IV. i. 195, well-dressed ; Cymb., III. iii. 29.
Fire, II. i. 143, length of two syllables.
Fives, III. ii. 54, vives, a disease in the throat of horses.
Flouts, II. i. 32, mocks ; Mids. Night Dr., II. ii. 134.
Formal (formal), III. i. 61, IV. ii. 72, precise, ceremonious.
Foule (foul), I. ii. 71, ill-flavoured ; As You, III. iii. 33.
Frets, II. i. 163, stops ; Lucr., I. 1140.
Fretting, II. i. 355, spoiling.
Froward, I. i. 74, ii. 92, etc., refractory ; Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 71.
Full, I. i. 206, exactly, completely ; Wint. Tale, V. i. 148.
Furnished, II. i. 375, three syllables.
Furniture, IV. iii. 187, dress ; cf. I Hen. IV. III. iii. 210.
Gallies, II. i. 406, large galleys.
Gambold, In. ii. 142, gambol, caper ; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 355.
Gameth (gamut), III. i. 67, the scale.
Gentles, III. ii. 90, gentlemen ; Love's Lab., II. i. 241.
Gills (jills), IV. i. 47, metal drinking cup, with pun on other sense, serving woman.
Gird, V. ii. 69, gibe, sarcasm ; cf. Cor., I. i. 285.
Give over, I. ii. 107, leave ; Give ore, Temp., II. i. 15.
God-a-merc (mercy), IV. iii. 160, God have mercy.
Goggs woones (goggs-wounds), III. ii. 158, God's wounds.
Goods (gawds), II. i. 4, ornaments, toys ; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 41.
Grace, I. ii. 132, a favour ; Errors, II. i. 92.
Gramercies, I. i. 42, 'great thanks, many thanks ; Tim. of Ath., II. ii. 78.
Greene (green), III. ii. 211, new, fresh ; As You, III. iii. 82.

Ha (sta), V. ii. 46, I have, I drink.
Haggard, IV. i. 189, ii. 42, wild hawk ; Much Ado, II. i. 39.
Haile (hailed), V. i. 108, dragged away.
Halt, II. i. 281, III. ii. 86, limp ; Much Ado, I. i. 63.
Hand, I. ii. 148, in any case.
Hap, I. ii. 277, luck ; Errors, I. i. 42.
Happily, I. ii. 58, 216, *happily* IV. iv. 57, haply, perchance ; Tw. Night, IV. ii. 54.
Have, In. ii. 39, get ; Mids. Night Dr., III. i. 178.
Have at you, V. ii. 56, aim at you ; Rom. & Jul., IV. v. 126.
Have too t (have to 't), I. i. 143, set to ; IV. v. 84, set upon.
He, III. ii. 234, man ; *hee*, Hen. VIII. V. iii. 106.
Head-borough (hede), constable, mayor of a village.
Hie (hiesse (high-cress)), I. i. 137, market place.
Hilding, II. i. 29, menial, slave ; All's Well, III. vi. 6.
Hip'd (hipped), III. ii. 50, covered to the hip.
Holidam (holidame), V. ii. 122, blessedness, on my sacred oath ; cf. Two Gen. of Ver., IV. ii. 179.
Honie (honey), IV. iii. 58, sweet ; *hony*, Rom. & Jul., II. v. 20.
Horse, In. i. 65, III. ii. 204, plural ; I Hen. VI. I. v. 41.
Hortensio, dram. pers., I. i. 109, IV. ii. 25, three syllables, *Horten'sio* ; IV. ii. 24, four syllables.
Hungerly, III. ii. 171, as if starved ; Oth. III. iv. 122.
Hurrie (hurly), IV. i. 199, tumult ; *hurley*, John, III. iv. 174.
Husband, V. i. 68, economizer ; Hen. VIII. III. ii. 188.
Hush, I. i. 68, hush, hush ; Per., I. iii. 11.
I (ay), In. ii. 118, ay, yes ; very frequent in this sense.
Idle, In. i. 16, foolish ; Errors, II. ii. 211.
Imbost (emboss'd), In. i. 20, foaming at the mouth ; Ant. and Cleo., IV. xiii. 4.
Imbrace (embrace) with, IV. v. 74, embrace.

GLOSSARY

- Impatient**, In. i. 109, four syllables, *im-pa'-shē-ent*.
Importune, I. i. 52, stress on second syllable, *im-for'-tune*.
Indifferent, I. ii. 182, somewhat, rather; Tw. Night, I. iii. 126; IV. i. 82, ordinary; Ham., II. ii. 255.
Inspired, In. ii. 19, three syllables, inspired.
Ingenious, In. ii. 10, intellectual; ~~the~~ *ingenuous*, Love's Lab., I. ii. 28.
Ingrate, I. ii. 277, ungrateful; Tw. Night, V. i. 118.
Instructions, In. i. 141, four syllables, *in-struc'-shē-ōns*.
Intend, IV. i. 194, pretend; Much Ado, II. ii. 33.
Intolerable, (*intolerabilis*), I. ii. 91, adverbially, intolerably.
It, II. i. 100, playfully used for that; cf. Macb., I. iv. 70.
I-wis (*I wis*), I. i. 17, certainly, Anglo-Saxon 'gewis' used adverbially, allied to 'witan,' to know, and literally equal to 'I know.' According to Skeat 'ge' (a-s) in 'gewis' has been taken for 'I' by mistake.
Jack (*jack*), II. i. 172, silly fellow; Much Ado, V. i. 101.
Jackes (*jacks*), IV. i. 40, leather cups, with pun on the other sense of the word, a man.
Jade, I. ii. 257; *jades*, III. ii. 254, worthless horse; All's Well, IV. v. 62.
Jealous, IV. v. 82, suspicious, jealous; As You, II. vii. 160.
Jo (*jo*), In. ii. 56, two syllables, *jo*.
Joint-heads (*jointheads*), IV. i. 160, blockheads; Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 283.
Joynd stool (*join'd-stool*), II. i. 217, folding stool or chair; *joyne stool*, Lear, III. vi. 10[27].
Jump (*jump*), I. i. 119, agree; Tw. Night, V. i. 207.
Junkets, III. ii. 248, dainties.
Kate, II. i. 303, 304, with the meaning and pronunciation 'cat.'
Kates (*cates*), II. i. 206, cates, dainties; Errors, III. i. 34.
Kennell (*kennel*), IV. iii. 107, gutter; 2 Hen. VI., IV. i. 72.
Kindly, In. i. 18, welcome; I. 70, naturally, in character; Lear, I. v. 16.
Knacke (*knack*), IV. iii. 75, plaything, trifle; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 42.
Lampasse (*lampass*), III. ii. 53, a disease of the mouth, in horses.
Larums (*larums*), I. ii. 203, shouts; Tit And., I. i. 271.
Laying, V. ii. 153, betting, staking; lay, Mer. of Ven., III. v. 76.
Leete (*leet*), In. ii. 90, law-court, manor court.
Leges (*leges*), I. ii. 32, alleges, says.
Leerd, IV. iii. 73, vile; Rich. III., I. iii. 67.
Lie, IV. iv. 59, lodge, stay; *lye*, All's Well, III. v. 41.
Like, IV. iv. 70, likely; Mer. of Ven., II. vii. 51.
Like of, II. i. 72, like; Much Ado, V. iv. 62.
Linke (*link*), IV. i. 123, pitch torch; 1 Hen. IV., III. iii. 41.
List, III. i. 92, ii. 33, wish; Temp., III. ii. 137.
Litio (*lich*), II. i. 67, *Litio*, IV. ii. 18, two syllables, *lee'-sho*; III. i. 56, IV. ii. 13, three syllables.
Lodging, In. i. 53, room; Rich. II., I. ii. 70.
Longeth (*longeth*), IV. ii. 48, iv. 8, belongeth; cf. *longing*, All's Well, IV. ii. 52.
Longy, I. i. 170, longingly.
Lowe in idleness (*lideness*), I. i. 150, a flower; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 174.
Lovely, III. ii. 120, loving.
Luculent, I. i. 270, 243, III. ii. 170, IV. iv. 28, 54, 73, v. 14, V. i. 217, ii. 10, three syllable; I. i. 274, 225, 247, IV. ii. 3, 20, 43, iv. 28, V. i. 125, four syllables.
Lure, IV. i. 188, decoy; Ven. & Ad. I. i. 27.
Lustie (*lust*), II. i. 174, spirited; As You, II. iii. 50.
Maiden-head (*maidenhead*), III. ii. 225, maidenhood, virginity; Tw. Night, I. v. 215.

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Malt-horse, IV. i. 118, brewer's horse, a contemptuous term; *Errors*, III. i. 38.
Man, IV. i. 189, tame.
Marcantant (*mercantante*), IV. ii. 71, merchant.
Marr'd, IV. iii. 124, spoiled; *As You*, I. i. 34.
Marriage, III. ii. 137, three syllables.
Mart, II. i. 354, bargain.
Masking (*masquing*), IV. iii. 96, masquerading; *Mer. of Ven.*, II. vi. 67.
Match, V. ii. 88, bargain, agreement; *Tro. & Cres.*, IV. v. 299.
Me, I. ii. 9, 12, 13, 191, ethical dative.
Me pardonate (*perdonato*), I. i. 26, begging your pardon.
Meacock, II. i. 339, timorous.
Meane, IV. iii. 177, *Meaneer*, I. i. 213, *Meaneest*, IV. iii. 181, 187, V. ii. 41, humble, humbler, humblest; *All's Well*, III. v. 76.
Mearest (*meerst*), In. i. 26, most absolute; *cf. meere*, *Oth.*, II. ii. 4.
Messe (*mess*), IV. iv. 76, dish, course; *Mer. Wives*, III. i. 57.
Mew up, I. 93, confine; *men'd up*, I. i. 188, confined; *Rom. & Jul.*, III. iv. 12.
Minion, II. i. 14, spoiled favourite, saucy child; *Two Gen. of Ver.*, I. ii. 101.
Minola, I. ii. 99, 101, stress on first syllable, *Min-o-la*.
Mistress (*mistress*), IV. v. 58, length of three syllables.
Modestie, In. i. 72, moderation; *Jul. Cæs.*, III. i. 238.
Modesties, In. i. 104, sense of propriety; *Ham.*, II. ii. 310.
Mose, III. ii. 52, a disease.
Motion, I. ii. 289, proposal; *Tw. Night*, III. iv. 286.
Mov'd (*mov'd*), V. ii. 168, angry; *Rom. & Jul.*, I. i. 10.
Naphin, In. i. 138, handkerchief.
Neats (*neal's*), IV. iii. 19, ox's. *Mer. of Ven.*, I. i. 121.
Neere leg'd (*near-legged*), III. ii. 57, knock-kneed, bandy-legged.
New bull, V. ii. 141, newly formed; *Cymb.*, I. v. 72.
Newes (*news*), I. i. 234, IV. iii. 70,

matter; *Meas.* for *Meas.*, IV. iii. 43.

Obrisance, In. i. 119, stress on last syllable.
Odds (*odds*), IV. iii. 161, chance; *Wint. Tale*, V. i. 253.
Of, I. i. 260, by; IV. i. 63, V. ii. 84, on 8.
Older (*old*), III. ii. 36, 44, rare; *Mer. of Ven.*, IV. ii. 19.
Orchard, II. i. 122, garden; *As You*, I. i. 44.
Order, I. ii. 127, measure; *Rich. III*, IV. ii. 60; *All's Well*, IV. ii. 68.
Or ere, IV. v. 11, before ever; *Temp.*, I. ii. 13.
Other more, I. ii. 122, others beside; *cf. other*, plural, *Mer. of Ven.*, I. i. 59.
Over-ying, In. ~~more~~, witnessing.
Packing, V. i. 121, compacting, plotting; *packe*, *Tit. And.* IV. ii. 162.
Paine (*pain*), III. i. 14, *paines* (*pains*), IV. iii. 48, labour. *Mids. Night Dr.*, V. i. 87; *Much Ado*, II. iii. 249.
Pantalowne (*Pantaloon*), III. i. 37, a stage character; *As You*, II. ~~iv~~, 107.
Parle, I. i. 121, parley, conference. *Two Gen. of Ver.*, I. i. 7.
Passe (*pass*), IV. ii. 128, iv. 48, convey legally; *cf. All's Well*, III. vii. 41; IV. iv. 60, transact.
Passion, In. i. 107, expression of feeling, *Wint. Tale*, V. ii. 17.
Peate (*peat*), I. i. 81, pet.
Pendant, III. i. 6, 48, IV. ii. 71, schoolmaster; *Love's Lab.*, III. i. 175.
Pedascule, III. i. 50, petty school master.
Peepe (*pip*), I. ii. 34, a spot on playing cards.
Peereth, IV. iii. 181, shows itself; *Wint. Tale*, IV. iv. 6.
Peremptorie (*peremptory*), II. i. 142, three syllables, stress on first.
Petruchio, dram. pers., stress on second syllable, *Pe-tru'-chio*.
Phese, I. i. 4, *tecre*; *phese*, *Tro. & Cres.*, II. iii. 208.

GLOSSARY

- Portance*, IV. i. 64, portion of food.
- Plash*, I. i. 224, pool.
- Pointed* (*pointed*), III. i. 21, ii. 17, appointed; *point*, III. ii. 17, appoint; Sonn., 14, 6.
- Points*, III. ii. 50, laces with tags, for fastening the dress; Apt. & Cleo., III. xiii. 187.
- Porringer* (*porringer*), IV. iii. 72, basin for eating.
- Port*, I. i. 211, style of living; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 133.
- Pound*, In. i. 24, V. i. 24, plural; Much Ado, I. i. 85.
- Practise*, In. i. 40, play tricks; cf. Much Ado, II. i. 363.
- Preferre* (*prefer*), I. i. 107, recommend; Cymb., II. iii. 50.
- Present*, IV. iii. 7, immediate; Much Ado, i. iii. 9.
- Presenters*, I. i. 259, actors.
- Presently* (*presently*), IV. iv. 62, immediately; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 198.
- Prevented*, V. ii. 60, forestalled; prevent, Ham., II. ii. 324.
- Pricks*, III. ii. 71, incites.
- Pricks* (*pricked*), III. ii. 68, pinned.
- Promised*, III. ii. 132, three syllables.
- Proove* (*proof*), II. i. 151, invulnerability; Rich. II, I. iii. 79; IV. iii. 48, good purpose; 2 Hen. IV, IV. iii. 94.
- Proper*, I. ii. 145, handsome; As You, I. ii. 116.
- Quaint*, III. ii. 144, accomplished; 2 Hen. VI, III. ii. 298; IV. iii. 111, artistic; Much Ado, III. iv. 21.
- Quantitie* (*quantity*), IV. iii. 121, small piece; 2 Hen. IV, V. i. 68.
- Quit*, III. i. 93, even; cf. Cor., IV. v. 88.
- Raids* (*rayed*), IV. i. 4, *raied*, III. ii. 54, stained, soiled.
- Raled*, I. i. 165, driven away by scolding; cf. 1 Hen. IV, IV. iii. 113.
- Reckning* (*reckoning*), IV. i. 77, account, summing up; 1 Hen. IV, V. i. 144.
- Remembered* (*remembered*), IV. iii. 105, *be remembered*, remember; As You, III. iv. 137.
- Renowned*, I. i. 11, three syllables.
- Rests*, I. i. 256, *rest*, I. ii. 282, remain; As You, III. ii. 70.
- Reverend*, IV. i. 200, respectful; Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 170.
- Ring*, I. i. 145, prize-ring.
- Rope tricks* (*rope tricks*), I. ii. 113-114, actions that merit hanging.
- Roundly*, I. ii. 61, III. ii. 214, IV. iv. 113, *roundie*, V. ii. 27, bluntly, without ceremony; As You, V. iii. 12.
- Rudesby*, III. ii. 12, rude fellow; Tw. Night, IV. i. 52.
- Ruffling*, IV. iii. 66, rustling; Lear, II. iv. 332.
- Sack*, In. ii. 4, Spanish or Canary wine; Mer. Wives, II. i. 11.
- Sadnesse* (*sadness*), V. ii. 74, seriousness; All's Well, IV. iii. 207.
- Scrivener*, IV. iv. 62, one who draws up contracts.
- Seal'd* (*sealed*), In. ii. 91, officially stamped; Ant. & Cleo., II. vi. 75.
- Secret*, I. i. 158, in one's confidence; Rom. & Jul., I. i. 151.
- Scene* (*seen*), I. ii. 135, versed.
- Semiramis*, In. ii. 41, stress on second syllable, *Ser-mir'-a-mis*.
- Sensible*, IV. i. 59, that can be felt; Mach., II. i. 49.
- Serre*, I. i. 16, fulfill; All's Well, II. i. 222.
- Sessa*, In. i. 8, hush; Lear, III. ii. 105.
- Seren*, In. i. 133, one syllable.
- Ske*, I. ii. 245, woman; Tro. & Cres., I. ii. 294.
- Shere* (*sheer*), In. ii. 26, pure; Rich. II, V. iii. 10.
- Shipping*, V. i. 43, voyage.
- Shoulder-shotten*, III. ii. 57, strained in the shoulder.
- Shrew*, IV. i. 77, a scold, here masculine.
- Shrow'd* (*shrewd*), I. i. 18, *shrow'd*, I. ii. 92, evil, ill; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 257; As You, V. iv. 179.

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Simple, V. ii. 187, foolish; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 87.
Sift, I. i. 219, since; Two Gen. of Ver., I. ii. 135.
Skills, III. ii. 129, matters; Tw. Night, V. i. 304.
Shipper, II. i. 367, flighty youth.
Slackly (*sleakly*), IV. i. 81, smoothly.
Slips (*slipped*), V. ii. 63, set on.
Sorted, IV. iii. 48, contrived; *sort*, Rich. III, II. ii. 155.
Soud, IV. i. 131, a word imitating a noise.
Specialties, II. i. 137, terms of a contract; Love's Lab., II. i. 174.
Sped, V. ii. 212, undone, failed; Mer. of Ven., II. ix. 75.
Speed, II. i. 149, fortune; Wint. Tale, III. ii. 155.
Spers, I. ii. 255, succeed. All's Well, III. vii. 51.
Spleene (*spleen*), In. i. 149, III. ii. 12, caprice; As You, IV. i. 204.
Spoke, II. i. 209, spoken; Mer. of Ven., II. iv. 5.
Stale, I. i. 68, laughing-stock. Tit. And., I. i. 340; III. i. 91, decoy; Temp. IV. i. 212.
Stand, I. ii. 114, withstand; 1 Hen. VI, I. i. 135.
Stay, In. i. 146; *staid*, IV. ii. 94, keep back, restrain; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 12.
Stealc (*strat*), III. ii. 137, accomplish secretly; cf. Rom & Jul., V. iii. 258.
Steed (*stead*), I. ii. 274, help; *sted*, Mer. of Ven., I. iii. 8.
Still (*still*), IV. i. 203, always; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 145.
Stock, III. ii. 66, stocking; Tw. Night, I. iii. 127.
Stomacher (*stomach*), IV. i. 140, appetite; 2 Hen. IV, IV. iv. 120. V. ii. 203, high temper; 1 Hen. VI, IV. i. 150.
Swoops (*swoop*), IV. i. 187, come down from flight, as a falcon. Hen. V, IV. i. 114.
Straight, In. i. 56, straightway; Mer. of Ven., II. vi. 57.
Strange, I. i. 90, odd, unaccountable; Tw. Night, V. i. 67.
Strond, I. i. 175, strand; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 180.

Stroke (*struck*), II. i. 388, stricken, old; Rich. III, I. i. 90.
Suiter (*suits*), In. i. 127, besitting garments; *suite*, As You, II. vii. 48.
Supposes, V. i. 120, assumptions. cf. *suppose*, Tro. & Cres., I. ii. 12; Tit. And., I. i. 490.
Swearing, IV. iii. 40, darling; Tw. Night, II. iii. 45.
Swift, V. ii. 61, prompt, ready; Love's Lab., III. i. 62.
Swinge, V. ii. 127, whip; Mer. Wives, V. v. 195.
Tall, IV. iv. 19, fine, brave; Rich. III, I. iv. 150.
Taller, IV. i. 10, lustier.
Tender, In. i. 19, care for; Tw. Night, V. i. 131.
Tents, II. i. 380, bed-hangings.
Thanked, In. ii. 109, two syllables.
This, In. i. 133, for the plural 'these'; Much Ado, III. iii. 123.
Thoroughlie (*thoroughly*), IV. iv. 11, thoroughly; Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 181; Wint. Tale, II. i. 127 f., I. ii. 154, redundant.
Take (*took*), III. ii. 161, gave.
Toward, I. i. 73, at hand, coming. As You, V. iv. 41; V. ii. 209, docile, willing. Ven. & Ad., I. 1157.
Toy, II. i. 404, trifle, nonsense; Rich. III, I. i. 64.
Trans, I. i. 2, 15, 42, 80, 154, two syllables. *Trans*-yo; V. i. 122, three syllables.
Tricke (*trick*), IV. iii. 75, toy; Wint. Tale, II. i. 66.
Trot, I. ii. 81, decrepit hag; Meas. for Meas., III. ii. 50.
Trow, I. ii. 5, I dare say, probably. Rich. II, II. i. 227.
Trunke (*trunk*), IV. iii. 148, large, wide sleeve.
Turtie, II. i. 229, turtle dove; Love's Lab., V. ii. 985.
Twangling, II. i. 172, twanging, jangling; Temp., III. ii. 145.
Twinkle (*twink*), II. i. 336, twinkling; Temp., IV. i. 49.
Unable, V. ii. 105, weak, incapable; 1 Hen. VI, IV. v. 5.

GLOSSARY

- Unapt*, V. ii. 172, unfit; *Mocr.*, I. 695.
- Uncase*, I. i. 215, address; *Love's Lab.*, V. ii. 471.
- Unconstant*, IV. ii. 17, fickle, unsteady; *Lear*, I. i. 325.
- Undertake*, IV. ii. 117, assume.
- Unfeigned* (*unfeigned*), IV. ii. 35, sincere; *Hen. VI.*, III. iii. 67.
- Unkind* (*unkind*), V. ii. 162, stress on first syllable.
- Unmannerly*, IV. i. 160, unmannerly; *Rich.*, III. I. ii. 42.
- Unpink* (*unpink'd*), IV. i. 122, without eyelets.
- Unreverend*, III. ii. 120, disrespectful; *Two Gen. of Ver.*, II. vi. 16.
- Untoward*, IV. v. 85, refractory; *John*, I. i. 2.
- Upon*, I. i. 121, after.
- Vale* (*vall*), V. ii. 202, lower, mitigate; *2 Hen. IV.*, I. i. 145.
- Vellure*, III. ii. 61, velvet.
- Venice*, II. i. 382, Venetian.
- Vied* (*vied*), II. i. 315, challenged.
- Vincetia*, *dram.*, 1875, three syllables, stress on second syllable.
- Waining* (*waning*), *In.* ii. 65, *wynning*, II. i. 42, declining, growing weak; *Rich.*, III, IV. iii. 14, 6.
- Walked*, IV. i. 136, two syllables.
- Wants*, III. ii. 246, 248, are want; *cf.* *Love's Lab.*, IV. iii. 254.
- Watch*, IV. i. 201, stay awake; *cf.* *Rom. & Jul.*, IV. iv. 13, 14.
- Were*, V. i. 12, it would be, subjunctive; *you*, ethical dative.
- When*, IV. i. 131, 134, exclamation of impatience; *Jul. Cæs.*, II. i. 7.
- Whiles*, III. i. 24, ii. 211, while.
- Who*, IV. i. 131, 15, as if one should say; *Mer. of Ven.*, I. i. 102.
- Widder-hood* (*widowhood*), II. i. 135, jointure.
- Will you, will you*, II. i. 296, whether you will or no; *cf.* *Ham.*, V. i. 18.
- Wick*, I. i. 118, ii. 62, 66, commend, recommend to go.
- Workmanly* (*workmanly*), *In.* ii. 62, skillfully.
- World*, II. i. 257, wonder, treat; *Much Ado*, III. v. 36.
- Yard*, IV. iii. 122, yardstick; *Rom. & Jul.*, I. ii. 41.
- Yeare* (*year*), *In.* ii. 117, plural; *As You*, III. ii. 38.
- Yellowis* (*yellowis*), III. ii. 54, jaundice.
- Yet*, *In.* i. 106, heretofore, put out of the usual order with the negative *never*; *cf.* *Mer. of Ven.*, II. ix. 46, *In.* ii. 60, still.
- You*, V. i. 18, ethical dative, see *Here*.
- Your s. lfe* (*yourself*), I. ii. 258, for the omission of 'you,' *cf.* *Rich.*, III, II. i. 23.

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL

GLOSSARY

- A*, I. iii. 244, one; Ham., V. ii. 227; I. iii. 41, of; so frequently in this play.
- About*, I. iii. 101, away from the point; Rich., III. IV. iv. 489.
- Abstract*, IV. iii. 89, short way; Ant. & Cleo., III. vi. 67.
- Accordinglie (accordingly)*, II. v. 10, correspondingly.
- Acrosse (across)*, II. i. 77, construe with *had broke*, supplied from previous sentence; cf. Much Ado, V. i. 152.
- Act*, I. ii. 40, action; 2 Hen. IV, IV. iii. 119.
- Additions*, II. iii. 138, titles; cf. Macb., I. iii. 116.
- Adoptious*, I. i. 178, assumed.
- Advertisement*, IV. iii. 210, warning, instruction; 1 Hen. IV, IV. i. 43.
- Advice*, III. iv. 21, discretion, deliberation; Two Gen. of Ver., II. iv. 211.
- Afford (afford)*, IV. i. 52, allow, let off; elsewhere used with an impersonal object.
- After*, II. i. 11, after being.
- Alone*, I. i. 189, only, modifying *thinks*; John, I. i. 270.
- Ames-ace*, II. iii. 85, double ace, lowest throw.
- Ample*, III. v. 53, amply; Tim. of Ath., I. ii. 138.
- Anatomis'd (anatomized)*, IV. iii. 33, shown up clearly; As You, II. vii. 60.
- Antiquity*, II. iii. 225, old age; As You, IV. iii. 111.
- Appenck'd*, I. iii. 134, informed against (you); cf. Rich. II, V. ii. 86.
- Applications*, I. ii. 87, attempted cures.
- Apprehensive*, I. ii. 71, susceptible.
- Approofe (approve)*, I. ii. 61, approval; *valient approofe*, II. v. 4, proved valour; cf. Ant. & Cleo., III. ii. 32.
- Approv'd (approved)*, I. ii. 15, iii. 234, proved; cf. *approves*, III. vii. 16; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 85.
- Arayse (araise)*, II. i. 96, raise from the dead.
- Arched*, I. i. 98, two syllables.
- Argument*, III. v. 75, the matter, discussion; Macb., II. iii. 147.
- Arm'd (armed)*, I. ii. 17, furnished as a weapon.
- Artists*, II. iii. 11, scholars, skilled physicians; cf. Tro. & Cres., I. iii. 26.
- As*, III. vi. 12, as if; I. ii. 35, V. iii. 116, after 'that' as after 'such'; cf. Rom. & Jul., II. i. 40.
- Astringer*, V. i. 10, falconer, not used elsewhere by Sh., or perhaps a misprint for 'a stranger.'
- Attends*, II. iii. 52, awaits; cf. Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 155.
- Authenticke (authentic)*, II. iii. 13, of acknowledged authority.
- Avails (avail)*, I. iii. 184, *availes (avails)*, III. i. 29, profit.
- Band*, IV. ii. 69, bond; Rich. II, I. i. 6.
- Baring*, IV. i. 53, shaving; cf. *bar'de (bared)*, Meas. for Meas., IV. ii. 188.

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL

Barns (*barns*), I. iii. 27, bairns (Scotch) or children; *cf.* Wint. Tale, III. iii. 76.

Bated, II. i. 18, excepted, subtracted; Temp. III. iii. 109.

Bauble, IV. v. 31, a fool's wand, badge of office.

Bequeathed, IV. ii. 53, 58, three syllables.

Bestow, I. iii. 231, put in a safe place; Mer. of Ven., II. ii. 163.

Better, III. i. 29, better men, superiors; *cf.* As You, I. i. 49.

Bigge (*big*), I. iii. 89, proud, swollen; Tam. of Shr., V. ii. 196.

Blade (*blaze*), V. iii. 9, immaturity.

Blood, III. vii. 26, passion; Lear, IV. ii. 46[3].

Boggle, V. iii. 268, swerve.

Bold, V. i. 8, assured; Cymb., II. iv. 4.

Boarded (*boarded*), V. iii. 244, wooed; *board*, Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 97.

Braide (*braid*), IV. ii. 86, deceitful.

Bravely, III. vi. 66, for a brave man.

Braving, I. ii. 6, defiant; *cf.* Tam. of Shr., IV. iii. 120.

Brawn, II. ii. 18, fleshy.

Breaking, IV. iv. 13, disbanding.

Breath (*breathe*), II. iii. 270, *breathing*, I. ii. 24, exercise; Per., II. iii. 101.

Briefs (*brief*), II. iii. 193, contract or letter, *cf.* 1 Hen. IV, IV. iv. 3.

Broken, II. iii. 62, without full rows of teeth.

Brokes, III. v. 90, traffics; *cf.* Rich. II, II. i. 303.

But, III. vii. 4, without losing; III. i. 16, except; Two Gen. of Ver., II. iv. 112.

Canari (*canary*), II. i. 84, a quick dance; *cf.* Love's Lab., III. i. 14.

Can't (*can't*), I. iii. 165, can it be, if it can be.

Capable (*capable*) *of*, I. i. 99, 216, easily impressed by; John, II. i. 502.

Caprichio (*capriccio*), *cf.* I. iii. 310, caprice.

Captious, I. iii. 206, capacious.

Carbinado'd (*carbonadoed*), IV. v. 104, slashed in stripes for broiling; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 293.

Cardene (*quart d'ecu*), IV. iii. 274, quarter of a crown.

Carranto (*coranto*), II. iii. 14, a quick dance; Tw. Night, I. iii. 120.

Case, III. vi. 108, skin.

Catcht (*catch'd*), I. iii. 170, caught, apprehended; *cf.* Ant. & Cleo., I. ii. 163.

Cesse, V. iii. 85, cease.

Challenges, II. iii. 145, asserts.

Change, III. ii. 106, exchange; As You, I. iii. 96.

Chape, IV. iii. 145, *chou* of scabbard or sheath; *cf.* *chapeless*, Tam. of Shr., III. ii. 49.

Cheekt (*check'd*), I. i. 69, reprov'd; Jul. Cæs., IV. iii. 108.

Choice, III. vii. 31, estimation.

Christendomes (*christendoms*), I. i. 178, christian names.

Cites, I. iii. 214, speaks, proves.

C'lews (*clew*), I. iii. 182, ball of thread.

Colaterall (*collateral*), I. i. 92, reflected, indirect; *cf.* Ham., IV. v. 213.

Colour, II. v. 64, is not consistent.

Come your wates (*ways*), II. i. 109, come on; As You, I. ii. 202.

Comission, II. iii. 276, warrant; As You, IV. i. 133.

Commoner, V. iii. 223, prostitute.

Companion, V. iii. 286, fellow, used in contempt; 2 Hen. IV, II. iv. 122.

Company, IV. iii. 33, companion.

Composition, I. i. 210, compound; IV. iii. 19, bargain; John, II. i. 592.

Compt, V. iii. 70, reckoning, account; Macb., I. vi. 35.

Con, IV. iii. 153, repay, acknowledge; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 474.

Condition, IV. iii. 173, character; *cf.* Tam. of Shr., V. ii. 193.

Confin'd, IV. iv. 27, stress on first syllable.

Confound, II. iii. 131, destroy; Tam. of Shr., V. ii. 166.

GLOSSARY

Conglied with, IV. iii. 90, taken leave of.

Conjolate, III. ii. 137, console.

Constancies, I. ii. 73, faithfulness; plural because used of more than one person.

Consumed, V. iii. 50, three syllables.

Content, IV. v. 79, pleasure.

Contract, II. iii. 192, stress on second syllable.

Convenience, IM. ii. 77, propriety; Meas. for Meas., III. i. 268.

Conversation, I. iii. 240, intercourse; Ham., III. ii. 58.

Coragio, II. v. 102, courage; Temp., V. i. 307.

Corrupt, I. iii. 75, misquote.

Counsaille (counsel), III. vii. 11, secrecy; Rom. & Jul., II. ii. 55.

Count, IV. ii. 228, take notice; Two Gen. of Ver., II. i. 60.

Countie (County), III. vii. 27, Count; Mer. of Ven., I. ii. 44.

Cox, V. ii. 42, God's, in swearing; cf. *cockes*, Tam. of Shr., IV. i. 107.

Coyle (coil), II. i. 34, fuss, ado; John, II. i. 177.

Credence, I. ii. 16, III. iii. 4, trust; Tro. & Cres., V. ii. 142.

Curbed, II. iv. 47, two syllables, *curbed time*, time of restraint; *curb'd*, 2 Hen. IV, IV. v. 144.

Curd, I. iii. 146, curdle; Ham., I. v. 74.

Curious, I. ii. 30, careful; cf. Tam. of Shr., IV. iv. 39.

Curiously, IV. iii. 34, carefully.

Customer, V. iii. 326, prostitute.

Damnable, IV. iii. 27, adverb, odiously; Wint. Tale, III. ii. 202.

Darkly, IV. iii. 12, in secret; *darklie*, Meas. for Meas., III. ii. 174.

Deadly, V. iii. 136, adverb; Much Ado, V. i. 186.

Death, II. iii. 75, deathly paleness.

Debate it, I. ii. 88, contend, contest; cf. Ham., IV. 4. 10[20].

Debauch'd, II. iii. 149, Elizabethan spelling of 'debauched,' 'debased'; Lear, I. iv. 223.

Default, II. iii. 243, time of need.

Deliverance, II. i. 93, v. 5, utterance, delivery; 3 Hen. VI, II. i. 106.

Delivers, IV. iii. 154, tells; cf. Errors, II. ii. 165.

Derive, V. iii. 300, draw, cause; cf. Hen. VIII, II. iv. 55; *derived*, III. ii. 97, three syllables.

Desired, IV. iv. 7, three syllables.

Diall (dial), II. v. 7, watch, time-piece; As You, II. vii. 23.

Dieted, IV. iii. 30, restricted.

Digested, V. iii. 87, absorbed, reduced to nothing; cf. *digest*, Hen. V., II. prol. 32.

Dilated, II. i. 65, detailed; Ham., I. ii. 43.

Dissolved, I. ii. 77, three syllables, separated; cf. *dissolv'd*, Cor. I. i. 217.

Disswade (dissuade), III. v. 32, prevent.

Distempered, I. iii. 149, indicating an unsound condition.

Diurnall (diurnal), II. i. 180, daily.

Divulged, II. i. 190, three syllables, made public.

Dole, II. iii. 181, gift, dispensation; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 144.

Dyet (diet), V. iii. 255, deny one's rights.

Embowel'd (embowell'd), I. iii. 248, emptied; cf. Rich. III, V. ii. 13.

Empire, III. ii. 32, an emperor.

Engrossest, III. ii. 69, take all to thyself; cf. Rom. & Jul., V. iii. 122.

Entertainment, III. vi. 15, IV. i. 18, service; Cor. IV. iii. 44.

Entred (entered), II. i. 11, initiated, 'being' is omitted; Cor. I. ii. 3.

Entrench'd (entrenched), II. i. 52, cut.

Eres (ears), I. iii. 46, ploughs; *care*, Rich. II, III. ii. 215.

Estate, I. iii. 107, III. vii. 5, fortune, standing; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 248.

Esteeme (esteem), V. iii. 3, worth.

Esteeme (esteem), II. i. 140, rate high; Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 82.

'ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL

Estimate, II. i. 109, proper valuation; Rich. II. II. iii. 63.
Even, I. iii. 4, satisfy, act up to; Cymb., III. iv. 206.
Even, II. i. 211, fulfilled; As You, V. iv. 23; V. iii. 369, full.
Examin'd (*examined*), III. v. 79, questioned.
Exorcist, V. iii. 346, magician, raiser of spirits; Jul. Cæs., II. i. 355.
Expedient, II. iii. 193, swiftly following; John, II. i. 64, 239; cf. Wint. Tale, I. ii. 528.
Expressive, II. i. 60, open, frank.
Extreme, III. iii. 9, stress on first syllable.
Facinorious, II. iii. 30, facinorous, wicked.
Fact, III. vii. 54, deed, crime; Meas. for Meas., IV. ii. 148.
Fancie (*fancy*), I. i. 101, II. iii. 180, love; As You, III. v. 33; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 69.
Fated, I. i. 224, fateful.
Favour, I. i. 87, V. iii. 61, features, appearance; Meas. for Meas., IV. ii. 32; As You, IV. iii. 91; IV. iii. 215, approval; Much Ado, V. iv. 23.
Fed, II. ii. 4, iv. 40, bred.
Fee-simple, IV. iii. 274, clear title of ownership; Rom. & Jul., III. i. 32.
Fetch off, III. vi. 22, rescue.
Fine, V. iii. 303, artful; Hen. IV., III. iii. 197.
Fines (*fine's*), IV. iv. 41, end is; Much Ado, I. i. 237.
Fisnomie (*fisnomy*), IV. v. 40, physiognomy, face.
Fleashes, IV. iii. 17, sates; cf. 2 Hen. IV. IV. v. 146.
Fond, I. iii. 70¹, foolishly, 70², fondly; V. iii. 206, foolish; Mer. of Ven., II. ix. 29.
Fondness (*fondness*), I. iii. 170, foolish love; Meas. for Meas., II. iv. 31.
For, III. v. 52, because; As You, III. ii. 126.
Forgon (*foregone*), I. iii. 130, past; *fore-gone*, Sonn. 30. 9.
For-horse (*forehorse*), II. i. 38, horse that goes in front of another, attendant.

Frames, III. i. 16, intents, devises; cf. Cor., V. iii. 204.
Frank (*frank*), I. ii. 30, generous; Lear, III. iv. 25.
French crown, II. ii. 22, bald head.
Furnish to, II. iii. 307, equip for; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 191.
Gamester, V. iii. 217, prostitute; Per. IV. vi. 66.
Go under, III. v. 29, pass for.
Gossips, I. i. 179, stands sponsor for.
Grace, V. ii. 47, favour of fortune; As You, III. v. 106.
Grace (*grass*), IV. v. 22, herba.
Grosse (*gross*), I. iii. 172, evident; Wint. Tale, II. i. 212.
Hand, III. vi. 46, case; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 148.
Haply, III. ii. 84, iv. 39, perhaps; mayhap, Tam. of Shr., V. ii. 197.
Hawking, I. i. 98, hawk-like, keen.
Hearbe (*herb*) of *grace*, IV. v. 18, rue; Rich. II. III. iv. 112; Ham. IV. v. 191.
Helme (*helm*), III. iii. 11, helmet; Oth. I. iii. 300.
Heraldry, II. iii. 277, acknowledged title.
High, V. iii. 47, deeply; V. iii. 14, violently.
Higher, IV. iii. 43, further north; Jul. Cæs., II. i. 127.
Hilding, III. vi. 6, base fellow; Tam. of Shr., II. i. 29.
His, I. ii. 51², its, *i.e.*, the clock's; the impersonal pronoun 'its' being not yet in general use in Sh.'s time; cf. John, II. i. 102.
Hold, I. i. 81, uphold; Love's Lab., IV. i. 40; III. ii. 10, wager; Tam. of Shr., III. ii. 80.
Holding, IV. ii. 35, binding force.
holds, III. ii. 99, it behooves, or belongs to.
Home, V. iii. 6, deeply, to the heart; Meas. for Meas., IV. iii. 159.
Honestie (*honesty*), III. v. 21, 78, IV. iv. 33, chastity; As You, III. iii. 28, 33.
Host, III. v. 119, lodge; Errors, I. ii. 10.

GLOSSARY

- Huswife* (*housewife*), II. ii. 57, housekeeper, economist; As You, I. ii. 32.
- I* (*ay*), I. i. 116, yes; frequently so used.
- Idle*, II. v. 52, III. vii. 31; IV. iii. 213, reckless, foolish; Ham., III. iv. 15.
- Imboss* (*embossed*), III. vi. 104, ~~embossed~~ ground.
- Important*, III. vii. 26, importunate; Much Ado, II. i. 67.
- Importing*, V. iii. 158, significant; cf. Hen. VIII, III. ii. 164.
- Impositions*, IV. iv. 34, commands; cf. Mer. of Ven., I. ii. 100.
- In*, I. i. 239, by; V. ii. 47, into.
- Inaydible* (*inadable*), II. i. 136, past helping.
- Inducement*, III. ii. 97, instigation; cf. Hen. VIII, II. iv. 205.
- Inform* (*inform*), IV. i. 88, 104, report; Cor. I. vi. 53.
- Injoyn'd* (*enjoined*), III. v. 119, stress on first syllable; bound by oath; Wint. Tale, III. iii. 60.
- Inne* (*in*), I. iii. 47, get in.
- In's*, II. i. 87, in his.
- Inspired*, II. i. 165, three syllables.
- Instance*, IV. i. 44, proof; As You, III. ii. 51.
- Insuite* (*infinite*), V. iii. 249, pursuit, in suit, or following of her in.
- Intemible* (*intenable*), I. iii. 206, misprint for *intenable*; incapable of holding.
- Into*, I. iii. 263, upon; II. iii. 5, in.
- Isbels*, III. ii. 14, 15, waiting maids.
- Jades*, II. iii. 301, masculine, worthless fellows; cf. Tam. of Shr., II. i. 221; *jades* (*jades*'), IV. v. 62, of a vicious horse; Much Ado, I. i. 141.
- Jaques* (*Jacques*), III. iv. 6, two syllables, *Jay-kes*.
- Joule* (*joul*), I. ii. 56, dash; cf. *jowles*, Ham., V. i. 80.
- Justified*, IV. iii. 55, proved; cf. Temp., V. i. 146.
- Kickie wickie* (*kicky-wicky*), II. iii. 297, fondling term for wife.
- Kinde* (*kind*), I. iii. 62, nature; As You, IV. iii. 63; I. iii. 179, way; As You, II. i. 31.
- Knight*, I. iii. 109, attendant; for the use of this word of a female, cf. Much Ado, V. iii. 15.
- Knowingly*, I. iii. 259, from experience; Cymb., III. iii. 52.
- Lacke* (*lack*), I. i. 14, ii. 80, miss; III. iv. 21, need; As You, III. ii. 101.
- Languishings*, I. iii. 235, lingering ailments.
- Leager* (*leagner*), III. vi. 29, camp.
- Left off*, I. iii. 248, abandoned.
- Legge* (*leg*), II. ii. 11, bow; Rich. II, III. iii. 183.
- Levill* (*level*), II. i. 173, aim, direction pointed at; Hen. VIII, I. ii. 7.
- Ling*, III. ii. 15, lenten diet.
- List*, II. i. 59, limit; Ham., IV. v. 96.
- Livelihood*, I. i. 52, appearance of life.
- Longing* (*longing*), IV. ii. 52, belonging; Tam. of Shr., IV. ii. 48.
- Looke* (*look*), III. vi. 112, look after; As You, II. v. 33.
- Lordship*, V. iii. 180, a husband's authority; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 90.
- Lustique* (*lustig*), II. iii. 42, lusty, sprightly.
- Lye* (*lie*), III. v. 41, lodge; Tam. of Shr., IV. iv. 59.
- Madding*, V. iii. 246, maddening; cf. Tw. Night, I. v. 132.
- Make*, II. ii. 6, V. iii. 8, consider; Tam. of Shr., III. ii. 187; II. iv. 52, represent; Cor. I. i. 186.
- Manifest*, I. iii. 229, well-known; Meas. for Meas., V. i. 336.
- Marcellae*, IV. iv. 11, Marcellus.
- Maudlin*, V. iii. 81, Magdalen.
- Me*, V. ii. 16, ethical dative; Mer. of Ven., II. ii. 103.
- Meant*, IV. iii. 27, minded, intentioned; cf. Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 218.
- Measure*, II. i. 64, dance; As You, V. iv. 185.
- Medicine*, II. i. 82, physician.

'ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL

Meere (mere), III. v. 69, merely.
Meethink'st (methink'st), II. iii. 268, it seems to me; cf. *Mer.* of Ven. IV. i. 454.

Mell, IV. iii. 227, meddle.

Misdoubt, I. iii. 119, III. vii. 2, disbelieve, distrust; Ant. & Cleo., III. vii. 77.

Misprising, III. ii. 31, undervaluing; *misprised*, As You, I. i. 166.

Misprison, II. iii. 164, misconception; 1 Hen. IV. I. iii. 31.

Moderns (modern), II. iii. 3, V. iii. 249, common; As You, II. vii. 165.

Module, IV. iii. 102, model; John, V. vii. 66.

Moiety, III. ii. 70, half; Wint. Tale, III. ii. 41.

Monstrous, II. i. 203, adverb, very, enormously; Mids. Night Dr., I. ii. 49.

Monumentall (monumental), IV. iii. 18, memorial; Tro. & Cres., III. iii. 160.

Morris, II. ii. 24, morris-dance.

Motive, IV. iv. 24, instrument; Hen. V. II. ii. 159.

Move, I. ii. 10, appeal to; Errors, II. ii. 182.

Muse, II. v. 70, wonder; John, III. i. 331.

Musicks (musics), III. vii. 46, musicians; Cymb., II. iii. 42; Hen. VIII. IV. ii. 126.

Mute, II. iii. 83, not to be spoken.

Mysterie (mystery), III. vi. 68, professional skill; cf. Tim. of Ath., IV. i. 19.

Nature, III. i. 23, *natures*, II. v. 49, character; Mer. of Ven. V. i. 93.

Naughtie (naughty), V. iii. 289, good for naught; Jul. Cæs., I. i. 20.

Necessitated to, V. iii. 99, in need of.

Needs (need), II. iv. 54, v. 72, exigency, necessity; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 560.

Next, I. iii. 60, nearest, shortest; Wint. Tale, III. iii. 130.

Nice, V. i. 19, overparticular; Hen. V. V. ii. 271.

Note, I. iii. 156, mark of nobility.

Of, I. iii. 201, V. iii. 256, by; II. iii. 253, III. v. 126, on; II. iii. 130, of the same; 145, redundant with *dislik'st*; cf. *like of*, Much Ado, V. iv. 62; *of them*, II. v. 48, some of them, such.

Offic'd (officed), III. ii. 135, performed offices, served.

On, I. ii. 39, double use, as preposition and as adverb; cf. *in*, Cor. II. i. 19; II. v. 66, *on regard* ing (?).

Only, I. iii. 108, except.

On's, II. i. 120, on his.

On't, I. iii. 132, of it.

Order, IV. ii. 68, measures, precautions; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 127.

Ordinaries, II. iii. 217, meals; cf. Ant. & Cleo., II. ii. 262.

Other, I. iii. 165, *otherwise*; Much Ado, I. i. 170; *no other*, III. vi. 28, IV. iii. 198, nothing else; 2 Hen. IV. V. ii. 71.

Out, I. ii. 69, at an end; Ant. & Cleo., IV. ix. 41.

Outward, III. i. 16, uninitiated.

Over looking (overlooking), I. i. 41, charge, supervision.

Over-night, III. iv. 26, last night; cf. Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 247.

Owe, II. v. 88, *own*; *owed*, V. iii. 228, owned; *owes*, II. i. 14, III. ii. 128, has; cf. Mids. Night Dr., II. ii. 84.

Pace, IV. v. 68, manner of walking, cf. As You, III. ii. 300.

Palmer, III. v. 45, pilgrim.

Particular, II. v. 66, personal affair; Ant. & Cleo., I. iii. 69.

Parting, II. v. 60, departure; cf. *part*, Mer. of Ven., II. vii. 80.

Passage, I. i. 22, occurrence; Cymb., III. iv. 97, *or* death; Ham., III. iii. 92.

Perfect, IV. iv. 6, stress on first syllable.

Persever, III. vii. 43, IV. ii. 46, stress on second syllable; continue; As You, V. ii. 6.

Perspective, V. iii. 60, glass cut to produce an optical illusion; Tw. Night, V. i. 230.

Fernse, II. iii. 64, survey; Errors, I. ii. 14.

Pin, II. ii. 18, thin.

GLOSSARY

- Place*, I. i. 108, precedence (?); *As You*, I. i. 22.
- Plausible*, II. ii. 62, IV. i. 30, plausible; *Ham.*, I. iv. 19[14].
- Please it*, III. v. 123, if it please; *cf.* *Much Ado*, I. i. 154.
- Poising (poising)*, II. iii. 166, weighing; *J. Rom. & Jul.*, I. ii. 98.
- Port*, III. v. 46, gate; *Cor. I.* vii. 5.
- Practiser*, II. i. 204, practitioner; *Love's Labor*, IV. iii. 344.
- Predominant*, I. i. 203, supreme in influence; *Wint. Tale*, I. ii. 237L.
- Prejudicates*, I. ii. 12, prejudices.
- Present*, II. ii. 61, v. 60, immediate; *Mer. of Ven.*, I. i. 188.
- Presentlie (presently)*, II. iii. 171, immediately.
- Primrose*, I. i. 1, flower of life; *As You*, V. iii. 26.
- Probable*, II. iv. 54, satisfactory; *2 Hen. VI.*, III. ii. 193.
- Proceed*, II. iii. 136, IV. ii. 75, issue, result.
- Produce*, II. iii. 162, show; *cf.* *Mer. of Ven.*, I. iii. 103.
- Profession*, II. i. 94, claim to be able to do something; *Lear*, V. iii. 149.
- Proper*, IV. ii. 60, own; *Tw. Night*, V. i. 334; IV. iii. 211, virtuous; *2 Hen. IV.*, II. ii. 145.
- Property*, II. i. 206, virtue, quality; *As You*, III. ii. 27.
- Pudding*, II. ii. 27, sausage.
- Questant*, II. i. 21, seeker, suitor.
- Quicke (quick)*, V. iii. 342, living; *Wint. Tale*, IV. iv. 153.
- Quirkies (quirks)*, III. ii. 51, caprices; *Tw. Night*, III. iv. 244.
- Quit*, V. iii. 339, acquit, set free; *Hen. VIII.*, V. i. 80.
- Quoted*, V. iii. 237, noted; *John IV.* ii. 232.
- Rate*, V. iii. 250, price; *Errors*, I. i. 27.
- Ravine (ravin)*, III. ii. 126, ravinous.
- Reave*, V. iii. 100, rob; *cf.* *rest*, *Much Ado*, IV. i. 204.
- Receiv'd*, II. i. 63, acknowledged, looked up to.
- Religious*, II. iii. 197, faithful; *Tw. Night*, III. iv. 391.
- Relinquisht (relinquished)*, II. iii. 11, given up.
- Removes*, V. iii. 153, post-stages.
- Repaires (repairs)*, I. ii. 40, restores, makes new; *Tam. of Shr.*, III. ii. 115.
- Repeal'd*, II. iii. 50, called back; *Two Gen. of Ver.*, V. iv. 152.
- Repetition*, V. iii. 28, remembrance.
- Repleat (replete)*, II. iii. 189, full.
- Required*, II. v. 65, three syllables.
- Reserved*, III. v. 78, three syllables, preserved.
- Resolvedly (resolvedly)*, V. iii. 375, clearly, in detail.
- Resolv'd*, II. i. 224, stress on first syllable.
- Respects*, II. v. 71, reasons; *John*, III. i. 332.
- Rest*, II. i. 152, resolve, stake; *Mer. of Ven.*, II. ii. 99.
- Ring-carrier*, III. v. 117, go-between.
- Rope's (ropes, hopes)*, IV. ii. 47, not understood.
- Ruffe (ruff)*, III. ii. 8, loose top of boot.
- Rush*, II. ii. 23, rush-ring.
- Ruttish*, IV. iii. 213, lustful.
- Sacrament*, IV. iii. 139, oath; *John*, V. ii. 6.
- Sadnesse (sadness)*, IV. iii. 202, seriousness; *Tam. of Shr.*, V. ii. 74.
- Sanctimonie (sanctimony)*, IV. iii. 51, piety, devoutness; *Tro. & Cres.*, V. ii. 165.
- Satisfaction*, V. iii. 117, acquiescence, conviction.
- Scarre (scare)*, IV. ii. 47, not understood.
- Season*, V. iii. 42, 'of season,' reasonable; *cf.* *Mer. Wives*, III. iii. 141.
- Sence (sense)*, I. i. 232, iii. 172, III. iv. 43, feeling, thought; *Ham.*, III. iv. 171[1].
- Senos*, I. ii. 4, Siense.
- Shallow*, I. iii. 44, superficial (in judging).
- Shrewd*, III. v. 84, evil; *Mer. of Ven.*, III. ii. 257.

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL

Shrewdly, V. iii. 268, badly.
Shrieve's, IV. iii. 186, sheriff's.
Sicks (sick), I. ii. 23, pining: Tw. Night, III. i. 47.
Sinister, II. i. 52, left; Mids. Night Dr., V. i. 174.
Sir (sith), V. iii. 179, since; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 219.
Sithence, I. iii. 113, since; cf. Cor. III. i. 62.
Smoke (smoke), III. vi. 108, IV. i. 31, scent.
Smocke (smock), II. i. 38, a woman's garment, a woman; Rom. & Jul., II. iv. 99.
Snuffe (snuff), I. ii. 70, burned out wick: Lear, IV. vi. 50.
Solemn (solemn), IV. iii. 79, formal; Wint. Tale, III. i. 10.
Solie (solely), I. i. 106, altogether, uniquely; Macb., I. v. 79.
Soveraigntie (sovereignty), I. iii. 230, efficacy.
Spark, II. i. 31, 49, smart young man.
Sprat, III. vi. 110, a worthless fish.
Stall, I. iii. 120, place and keep; cf. Ven. & Ad., 39.
Strad, V. iii. 102, be of use to; Mer. of Ven., I. iii. 8.
Still-peering (still-piecing), III. ii. 119, perhaps means 'always made whole'; cf. *still closing*, Temp. III. iii. 85.
Stomache (stomach), III. vi. 67, inclination; Mer. of Ven., III. v. 84.
Straight, IV. i. 21, immediately; Mer. of Ven. I. i. 35.
Strangers, IV. i. 17, foreigners; Tam. of Shr., V. i. 108.
Stronger, IV. iii. 56, greater; cf. *strong*, Wint. Tale, V. ii. 31.
Subscribed to, V. iii. 113, acknowledged; Two Gen. of Ver., V. iv. 154.
Succeeding, II. iii. 207, results; cf. Per. I. i. 117.
Success (success), III. vi. 83, result; Much Ado, IV. i. 243.
Succession, III. v. 32, imitation, following an example.
Suffer, I. iii. 109, 'to be' is omitted before *surpris'd*; cf. Temp. III. i. 75, Tro. & Cres., II. iii. 290, for omission of 'to.'

Suggest, IV. v. 146, tempt, lure; Hen. VIII. I. i. 206.
Superfluous, I. i. 110, having more than enough; Lear, II. iv. 293.
Supposed, I. iii. 243, IV. iv. 12, three syllables.
Supposition, IV. iii. 293, suspicion; cf. Much Ado, IV. i. 247.
Surety, V. iii. 337, give surety for; cf. Cor., III. 4. 211.
Table, I. i. 99, tables; Ham. I. v. 103.
Taxe (tax), II. i. 189, reproach.
Thitherward, III. ii. 56, on the way thither.
Those, I. iii. 262, those kinsmen.
Tinct, V. iii. 120, tincture, elixir; Ant. & Cleo., I. v. 44.
Title, II. iii. 128, rank, position; John, II. i. 518.
To, II. iii. 300, III. v. 75, compared to; II. i. 138, as to.
Too much, III. ii. 99, perhaps 'as a noun, 'excess'; Ham. IV. vii. 107[5].
Tooke (took), II. i. 164, taken; Jul. Cæs., II. i. 56.
Top, I. ii. 53, head.
Toule (toll), V. iii. 170, pay toll.
Travailes (travails), in, II. iii. 170, works for; cf. Tim. of Ath., V. i. 22.
Tricke (trick), I. i. 100, III. ii. 9, trait.
Trifle, II. i. 124, third; Ant. & Cleo., I. i. 19.
Uncropped, V. iii. 170, three syllables.
Unhappie (unhappy), IV. v. 64, mischievous, harmful; Love's Lab., V. ii. 13.
Unlearned, I. iii. 247, three syllables.
Unseason'd, I. i. 73, inexperienced.
Upon, V. iii. 130, in case of, on the ground of; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 100.
Use, V. i. 31, custom; Rich. III, IV. iv. 241.
Valiant approuse (approof), II. v. 4, proved valour.
Validitie (validity), V. iii. 221, value; Tw. Night, I. i. 16.

GLOSSARY

Went, II. iii. 218, utterances Ven.
& Ad. 334.

Wanted, I. 9 14, was lacking; cf.
wants, Tam. of Shr., III. ii. 248.

Wears (wear), V. i. 3, wear out;
Errors, I. i. 19.

What, I. ii. 25, who; As You, II.
iv. 93 & IV. ii. 76, whatever: As
You, II. v. 21.

Whence, III. ii. 130, from that
place where; Macb., I. ii. 31.

Whereof, I. iii. 235, by which.

Which, II. iii. 161, refers to *stake*,
i.e. the dangerous possibility.

Who, II. ii. 45, which, referring to
desires.

Whom, III. iv. 31, which, i.e. her
prayers.

Wing, I. i. 111, flight; Tw. Night,
II. v. 109.

With, III. ii. 97, IV. v. 2, by; As
You, V. ii. 26.

Woman, III. ii. 53, verb, to make
weak as a woman.

Woodcocke (woodcock), IV. i. 100,
fool; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 162.

Word, II. i. 230, promise.

World, I. iii. 20, matrimony; As
You, V. iii. 6.

Worse of, II. i. 192, perhaps =
worst of.

Worthy, IV. iii. 7, deserved;
Rich. II, V. i. 72; III. v. 127,
vi. 14, worth; Wint. Tale, IV.
iv. 485.

Write, II. iii. 214, III. v. 83, claim
that I am, that she is; 2 Hen.
IV, I. ii. 27.

Yeelde (yield), II. v. 15, tell;
Tw. Night, III. i. 24.